HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1360.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883.

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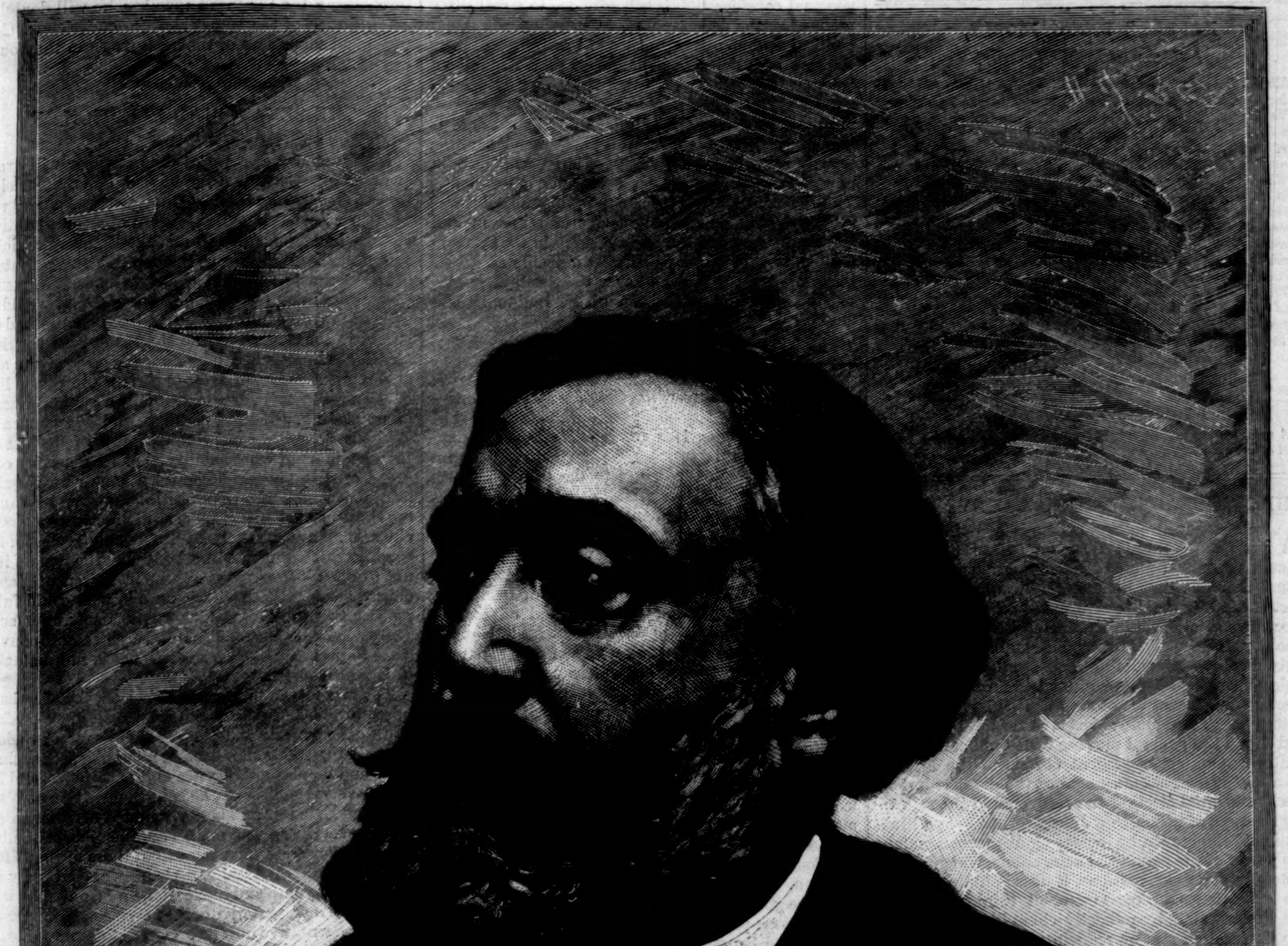


LÉON GAMBETTA.—[SEE PAGE 21.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, January 13, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published January 9, contains Part II. of Mrs. Hays's *Christmas Fairy Tale, with a front-page illustration by* Alfred Fredericks; *"The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," Part I., with an illustration by* Howard Pyle; *"Two Unexpected New-Year's Calls," a short story by* Margaret Eytinge, *illustrated by* Sol Eytinge; *and Chapter XVI. of the serial story "Nan," by* Mrs. John Lillie, *with an illustration by* Jessie Shepherd.

In an article entitled "Concerning Wild Boars" Edward I. Stevenson *gives an entertaining account of the old English customs connected with the chase.* Mr. G. W. Sheldon *contributes a most interesting article on "Peter Cooper and His Institute," in which he describes the benefits to humanity resulting from the labors of that eminent philanthropist.*

The Number is enlivened by a beautiful full-page engraving, entitled "The Picture-Book," by F. G. Cotman, *and a very humorous sketch, illustrating a poem, by* M. Helen Lovett, *entitled "The Pink of Politeness." The sixteenth page is given over to "Wiggles."*

Harper's Young People.........	Per Year	$1 50
Harper's Weekly..............	"	4 00
Harper's Weekly and Harper's Young People	"	5 00

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

A well-informed correspondent is of opinion that we have seriously misapprehended the Chandler-McPherson plan of representation in the National Convention. He says that by that plan a district carried by the Republicans at *either* of the two preceding elections, the Presidential or the Congressional, will be entitled to an additional representative. This, he argues, if a sliding scale at all, is a scale that slides upward, because a district gained at the one election and lost at the other will still have its representative. The double object is to reward the victory and to aid the general purpose of Republican district control. Our correspondent objects to the Forbes plan that it discriminates against the districts lost in the Presidential election and recovered at the following election, of which New Jersey furnishes two illustrations. Moreover, by increasing disproportionately the power of the Senatorial delegations, which are selected by State Conventions, it discriminates against the districts. Our correspondent thinks, also, that the Forbes plan, by radically changing the basis of the Convention and by reducing its numbers, invites opposition.

The argument for the Chandler-McPherson plan is said by its supporters to be that it diminishes the chances of depriving the Republicans of a Republican district of their proper representation because they happen in one election to be defeated. This view assumes, however, that districts are permanently of a certain party character, and if the other assertion be sound that the Republican vote is generally apathetic at the intermediate Congressional election, the conclusion is obvious that the true Republican strength is shown at the Presidential election. It is certainly as fair to suppose that a district which was anti-Republican at the Presidential election, and is carried by Republicans at an apathetic election, is carried not because it has become really Republican, but because of personal and local reasons, which will disappear at a Presidential election. How could such a district be properly called Republican? On the other hand, if defeat at the intermediate election is to be ascribed to apathy, the argument is stronger for making the Presidential election the basis of representation. The real basis should be the general election since the previous Convention, because by common consent it is at that election that the Republican strength is most accurately shown. To say that the intermediate election may be the basis if it happens, contrary to the general rule, to be carried by the Republicans, is not to argue soundly, but to urge taking advantage of a happy accident.

It must be borne in mind that the question is solely of additional representatives. Both the Forbes and the McPherson plans give every district representation; but the Forbes plan adds a delegate for each Republican in the existing House of Representatives, while the McPherson plan adds one for each Representative in the existing or preceding Congress. It is alleged in support of this plan that if the Forbes scheme should be adopted, New York would lose eight delegates in the next Convention, although it would not be contended that the loss of the eight Congressional districts at the last election indicates that the Republican vote is reduced. But this is too speculative a basis. We agree that the result of the election was a Republican rebuke rather than a Democratic victory, and that there is not a Democratic majority of 194,000 in New York. But we are also very sure that the eight lost districts will not necessarily return Republicans at the next election. That will depend upon several considerations. And if this be so, by what right are they assumed to be Republican? Is it not evident that if the object be to base delegate representation upon the real Republican strength of the districts, as shown during the four years' interval between the Conventions, that basis should not be permitted to "slide" back or forward two years, but be fixed upon the election when every minor local and personal consideration is subordinated to a real party preference, and which represents, therefore, the actual political sentiment of the district? As for the Forbes addition of a delegate at large for each Republican Senator, it is strictly logical. If the district delegation be increased by a Republican Representative, why not the State delegation by a Republican Senator? If this be thought to threaten district ascendency, the remedy is to abolish delegation at large, which would be an excellent measure, because such a delegation is wholly fanciful. The discussion of this subject is perfectly friendly, and so long as district representation is fully secured, and the decisive voice in the Convention is given to States which will probably cast their electoral vote for the candidate, there will be no dissatisfaction with the decision of the National Committee.

THE PENDLETON BILL PASSED BY CONGRESS.

Only those who read the *Congressional Record*—and they are not a large body—know the tact and skill with which Senator Hawley, chairman of the committee upon civil service reform, conducted the reform bill through the debate to the triumphant result. He withstood successfully the mass of vicious and treacherous amendments which were hurled at the bill by its enemies, and the most important addition to it, the section prohibiting political assessments in the public service, is substantially the bill introduced by Senator Hawley on the 9th of December, as reported by him on the 11th, and offered by him as an amendment to the Pendleton bill, and it was unanimously adopted by a vote of fifty Senators. Senator Edmunds, from the Judiciary Committee, on the 23d of December, reported a separate bill, which is of the same general purport, and which passed the Senate, and went with the other to the House. The Senator clearly explained the constitutional reason of the limitations of the original Hawley amendment as well as of his own bill. Senator Hawley has thus led the way in destroying the abuse of official assessments, and the just indignation of the country with offenses of this kind which were revealed last summer has found in his action prompt and effective expression.

In the good work of guarding the Pendleton bill from serious perversion, and in bringing it to a successful vote, Senator Hoar, an old and tried friend of the measure, was conspicuous, and with him may be fairly mentioned Senators Logan and Allison among the Republicans, and Senators Bayard and Butler among the Democrats. Senator Bayard has always taken the soundest position upon the subject, and the views of Senators Butler of South Carolina, George of Mississippi, and Jones of Florida contrasted most favorably with those of Senators Brown of Georgia, Voorhees of Indiana, and the Republican Ingalls and Plumb of Kansas. It was a mistake to strike out the provision of entrance at the lower grade. But the error is not irretrievable, and for the manner in which the bill was brought through without more serious detriment, the country is indebted to Senator Hawley and his friends.

As we write comes the news of the immediate passage of the bill by the House, and by the significant and emphatic vote of 155 to 47. Mr. Kasson, in a spirit of patriotism which will be remembered to his honor, reported the bill unchanged, and asked that the vote be taken before the week ended. During the excitement that followed, Mr. Cox of New York moved that it be put upon its passage at once. This motion fired the House, and after a few remarks and abortive attempts to amend and delay, the call of the roll began. At half past five on the afternoon of the 4th of January the result of the voting was announced, and the bill had passed by an overwhelming majority. The country is to be congratulated upon this happy event, and good citizens who believe that all abuses are not integral parts of a political system merely because abuses will creep into any system, may take fresh heart. The new law, however effective, will not introduce the millennium, but, honestly enforced and administered, it will be of essential practical service in remedying great and threatening evils; and as its efficiency is proved, the range of its operation will be extended. The especial friends of reform have been represented in Washington throughout the debate upon the bill by Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, a member of the Executive Committee of the New York Association, the chairman of the present Civil Service Commission, and the author of the admirable work upon the English service. No more fitting or accomplished representative for the purpose could have been selected. His ample knowledge and cogent counsel have been of the greatest advantage, and no man has more just reason for pride in the result than Mr. Eaton. The bill now goes to the President, and we have no doubt that he will promptly sign it and honestly co-operate in carrying it out in its own spirit. If the whole movement be a mistake, the best way to demonstrate that fact conclusively is to enforce the new method vigorously. In selecting the Commission, which is now limited to three members, the President will probably designate one member each from the Eastern, Western, and Southern parts of the Union, and in that case, in choosing the Southern member, he will doubtless avail himself of the counsel of the conspicuous Congressional supporters of the measure from the Southern States.

THE SENATORIAL ELECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

No Senatorial election of the new year will excite so much interest as that in Massachusetts. The election of General Butler as Governor was a disagreeable surprise, but it was not a sign of serious political change, because he alone upon the Democratic ticket was elected. If, however, the Republican Legislature of Massachusetts should gratify General Butler's earnest desire by rejecting Senator Hoar, it would be evident that an extraordinary political change had occurred in the State. While Mr. Hoar is in the Senate, Massachusetts has there a most characteristic and able representative, of great experience in public life, of great readiness in debate, of ample accomplishment, of unbending principle, courage, and independence. There is no more conspicuous figure in the Senate than he, no man whose ability is more generally conceded, or whose inflexible honesty is more universally acknowledged. His peculiarities and even his faults are those of his State. He is as distinctively a Massachusetts man as Charles Sumner; and in view of the conditions of influence in a body like the Senate it is not to discredit any justly eminent citizen of Massachusetts to say that there is no one who could fully replace Senator Hoar, because no one unites such sympathy with Massachusetts character and convictions to that ample experience which is so invaluable in legislative life.

The reason, the only reason, indeed, that has been urged for his defeat is that he is a man of yesterday, and does not represent the Massachusetts of to-day. It is said that, without reflection upon his spotless character and life, his intelligence and experience, and his efficient service hitherto, he is in the position of Webster and Everett and Choate and Winthrop thirty years ago. They were men of another epoch, of other public issues and sympathies than those of that time, and as their ability and experience were properly set aside for the youth and inexperience of a new man who was yet the representative of the new ideas, so may some such representative now be preferred to Senator Hoar. But granting as we do that the questions of slavery and reconstruction are substantially settled, it is not true that Senator Hoar stands in the same position to the actual issues that the men mentioned stood to the question of thirty years ago. There was then one supreme and absorbing subject. Every public man was tested by his attitude toward slavery, and Massachusetts led the antislavery sentiment of the country. Yet even then that sentiment alone could not have elected Charles Sumner in 1851. He was chosen by a coalition of the Free-Soilers and Democrats, and at a time when the Democratic party was practically pro-slavery. Massachusetts had ceased to be Whig because the Free-Soilers together with the Democrats were a majority. Mr. Winthrop as a Whig did not represent Massachusetts. But how is it with Mr. Hoar? Massachusetts is still Republican, and Mr. Hoar is distinctively a Massachusetts Republican. In the Senate he has been always the sturdiest foe of what is known as Conklingism. Is not Republican Massachusetts its foe to-day? In his own State Mr. Hoar is the untiring and shrewd opponent whom Butlerism most hates. Is Butlerism now so dear to Massachusetts that she will sacrifice her Senator to its hostility? Upon the chief issues of the hour Republican Massachusetts leads in demanding civil service reform. In the Senate Mr. Hoar shares with Mr. Hawley the honor of leadership in the debate which has just happily resulted in the triumph of reform. Can it be fairly said of such a man as this that he stands toward progress to-day as the old Cotton Whigs stood in 1851?

It is true—and we are sorry for it—that Senator Hoar supported the River and Harbor Bill. But in his candid, elaborate, and forcible defense of his vote he justified it upon the general ground that a policy of national aid to facilitate State intercommunication for trade is not an unwise policy. It is akin to his views of the desirability of national aid to education. Is it quite evident that his general view of such a policy—not his support of the particular bill—is not the view of Massachusetts? Would Massachusetts probably condemn a policy of national aid to education and to facilitate inter-State trade and the general commercial and industrial welfare? Senator HOAR favors some form of protective tariff. But are opinions upon this topic, of the nature and degree of protection, of the true principles of revenue reform, so definite and conclusive in Massachusetts that it can be said decisively that he misrepresents the Republican sentiment of the State? It must not be forgotten that many of those who insist that Mr. HOAR has ceased to represent that sentiment were most strenuous in asserting last autumn that Mr. BISHOP was its especial representative in the actual situation. Yet Mr. BISHOP was defeated by the largest majority ever cast against a Republican candidate for Governor in Massachusetts, and was defeated by General BUTLER. It is impossible for reform Republicans in other States to see how Republican Massachusetts would help reform by refusing to re-elect Senator HOAR. Alone in the Senate his eloquent voice, seven years ago, reproved Republican recreancy to Republican principles and traditions, and recalled the party and the country to the ancient and honorable way to which they have returned, and upon which at this very moment he is a leader. Shall this be also the moment, when he has just given his powerful aid in the Senate to the triumph of civil service reform, when he still stands, as he has always stood, instinctively loyal to Massachusetts principles, a thorough Massachusetts man in conviction, character, and accomplishment, and a true and tried public servant, that Massachusetts declares him to be no longer her fitting representative?

THE POLITICAL NEW YEAR.

THE improved political feeling of the country was shown at the opening of the New York Legislature, when each of the two great parties put forward a young and conspicuous reformer as candidate for Speaker. The Democrat, Mr. CHAPIN, who was elected, is a gentleman who at the last session sustained many a good cause in concert with the honorary Republican candidate, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, one of the youngest and most independent of the representatives of his party. It is evident that the significance of the elections has not been lost, and that both parties will rely less upon machine management than upon public approval and confidence for success in 1884.

Governor CORNELL retires with universal commendation, except from jobbers whose schemes he has baffled, and from the machine of his own party, which nominated him but could not use him. We say it with the more pleasure because we opposed his election, when nominated, for reasons which have been recently ratified by a majority of nearly two hundred thousand. It will not be forgotten that Governor CORNELL withstood the most powerful and specious temptation to misuse his official authority in a way which would not necessarily have justified a charge of corruption, and which would have gratified his cherished ambition.

Governor CLEVELAND, to whom the circumstances of his election have given extraordinary prominence, begins his official career with singular modesty. His Message is a plain survey of the great interests of the State, in which his recommendations in regard to the canals show a firm grasp of the subject, while his remarks upon taxation indicate want of familiarity with the soundest views. That taxation should be in a just sense impartial is undeniable. But it is tolerably clear that to equalize them most fairly a very different policy from that recommended by the Governor is indispensable. With this exception the specific recommendations of the Message are excellent. But many suggestions which might have been expected are wanting. There is a certain timidity of treatment, which will doubtless disappear as the Governor becomes more accustomed to his position, and no Governor of New York has ever entered upon his office with greater certainty of candid consideration from his political opponents than Governor CLEVELAND.

THE EFFORT TO SAVE NIAGARA.

THE preservation of the Falls of Niagara as a sublime natural spectacle is rapidly becoming a pressing question, and we are glad to know that energetic steps have been taken by well-known and efficient citizens to procure legislative action upon the subject. The immediate vicinity of the cataract is being rapidly ruined by every kind of disfigurement, so that there is now not a foot of American soil from which the Falls can be seen without payment. Thus the mere spectacle of the falling water, shorn of its natural frame-work, has become a luxury, from which the poor are debarred. This is properly held to be a public wrong, and the time has fully arrived for the State of New York to save Niagara, unless it means to allow the grandeur and beauty of the great spectacle to be practically obliterated.

The objection that the proposition to prevent this untoward result is a mere sentimental project, and that the greatest water-power upon the continent can not be sacrificed to romantic whims, is easily disposed of. There is no suggestion that the advantages of the great water-power shall be lost. The character of the banks of the Niagara River is such, their line so curves, that the whole industrial value of the power can be saved without impairing the natural beauty of the scene. The busy factories can hum and spin, and distribute their various products all over the world, while from all the world pilgrims may throng to the unimpeded enjoyment of the sublimity of Niagara. It would be a disgrace to the imperial State, and a national shame, if the practical destruction of a scene of such lofty and solemn and universal delight should be permitted. To the guardianship of New York nature has intrusted a spectacle unparalleled in the world. It would be a new reproach to the name of republic if in this new way the State should prove unfaithful. The imperial State which fitly counts Niagara among its proudest possessions should certainly justify its pride by properly cherishing the treasure. If an English county should tolerate the wanton or trading desecration of a noble cathedral, it would be branded with an evil name. If New York should permit a desecration which is virtually the destruction of Niagara, it would have lost its imperial spirit and renown.

Three years ago a special report of the Commissioners of the State Survey presented this subject in the most forcible and reasonable manner. The general proposition was that of a public park, to include the shores bordering upon the cataract and rapids, to be maintained for public use forever. The area contemplated included the islands above the Falls and a strip of the bank beginning at the head of the rapids and extending to the upper suspension-bridge. The breadth of the strip is determined by a natural terrace which is generally about a hundred feet from the water's edge, but happily widening around the Falls, so that ample space would be obtained. Mr. OLMSTED, who with Mr. GARDNER has carefully considered the subject, proposes that the work of preparation should not be landscape ornamentation, but simply the removal of unnecessary and disfiguring artificial objects. This would seclude the Falls, and leave them in their natural grandeur, free from the intrusion of shops, booths, refreshment saloons, exhibitions, and every form of nuisance and disturbance. The report adds that the pecuniary loss to the people of the State from the destruction of the Falls as a place of resort, which is now imminent, would be much greater than the outlay required to carry out the scheme proposed. Petitions are now in circulation asking the Legislature to take action for the preservation of Niagara, an object which not only every intelligent New-Yorker, but every American citizen, must earnestly desire to see accomplished.

PEN AND LUTE.

THERE was a time when the name of RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, a younger brother of N. P. WILLIS, was familiar to many readers as that of a student of music who had lately returned from Germany an accomplished musical scholar. He became the editor of a journal of music in New York, in which the musical events and persons of the time were gracefully and intelligently discussed. But to a circle of private friends he was still better known by his delightful musical gifts, his exquisite taste giving to his delicate singing of his own verses, set often to melodies of his own, a singular charm. The changes of life carried Mr. WILLIS to Detroit several years since, and a Detroit publisher has just issued a small slender quarto, beautifully printed and flexibly bound, containing earlier and later verses by Mr. WILLIS. It is a tasteful and neat volume, and the verses are marked by the tender pathos and airy grace which characterized the poet's singing in other years.

MR. EVARTS AT NEWBURGH.

THE selection of Mr. EVARTS as the orator at Newburgh upon occasion of the celebration which closes the epoch of Revolutionary centenaries has been received with universal commendation. Orator, statesman, and scholar, he has all the accomplishments which the great commemoration demands, and as one of the most eminent citizens of the State, he is well chosen to speak the last centenary word for New York in the Revolution. The occasion, the theme, and the orator promise a memorable day. New York, indeed, is reproached with indifference to her own glory and a lack of just pride in her own annals. But her main root was transplanted from Holland, the soil from which English and New-English greatness grew, and her apparent apathy may be viewed as only one aspect of that disdain for sensational excitement which has become synonymous with the English name. The theme of the Newburgh celebration is great, and the orator will do eloquent justice to it.

GAMBETTA.

IN another part of this paper the reader will find a careful estimate of the character and career of the most conspicuous of recent Frenchmen. Of the three most prominent public figures in contemporary Europe GAMBETTA was the most picturesque, and no single life was so important as his. Neither the death of GLADSTONE nor of BISMARCK would shake England or Germany with such doubt as that of GAMBETTA shakes France.

This is far from saying that he was essentially so great a man as either of them. GLADSTONE and BISMARCK belong in a large sense to the class of builders of states, while GAMBETTA was intrinsically a revolutionary figure. He belongs with RIENZI and MIRABEAU and DANTON rather than with PYM and CROMWELL, and our own WASHINGTON and HAMILTON and MADISON. But his force of will and his oratorical power gave him a popular ascendency such as no other modern Frenchman has achieved. LAMARTINE's influence in 1848, although honorably exercised—and to be always honorably remembered, because LAMARTINE more than any of the leaders of '48 prevented at the outset the lapse of that movement into a red republic—was thin and tepid compared with the passionate mastery of revolutionary France by GAMBETTA. Himself what is fondly called a child of the people, he spoke for the instincts of the people, and touched its heart with electric sympathy.

But if any one should be disposed to argue from the stormy and irregular life of GAMBETTA that moral strength and loyalty to principle and purity of well-ordered life are not essential in great political leadership and statesmanship, he has but to look from the dead Frenchman, exhausted at forty-four, to the greatest of living Englishmen at seventy-three guiding with increasing wisdom and undiminished power the political destiny of his country.

PERSONAL.

THE exquisite design on the first page cover of HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, representing the shadow of a woman's face on the moon, has been greatly admired by every person of taste. It was from the pencil of ELIHU VEDDER, one of the most imaginative of living artists.

—While the brilliant and fascinating society novel *A Transplanted Rose* was in course of anonymous publication in HARPER'S BAZAR, the public was on the *qui vive* to discover the author's name. From the intimate acquaintance displayed with the most exclusive circles of New York society it was evident that the writer was not an outside observer, and that the solution of the mystery must be sought within those charmed and narrow limits. As many ingenious but inaccurate guesses at the author's name have been made, we take pleasure in saying that the public is indebted to Mrs. M. E. W. SHERWOOD for this fresh and vigorous story of fashionable New York society.

—Mr. W. J. ARKELL is making arrangements for opening an American Art Gallery at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga Springs, next summer. The number of paintings exhibited will be limited to 150, and none but works by native artists will be admitted.

—The new President of Girard College, Professor FETTEROLF, is a native of Pennsylvania, and forty-eight years of age. He began his career as a professor of English literature and mathematics in the Freeland Seminary, at his home, of which he became principal in 1867, and so continued for five years. He was then elected principal of the Andalusia Seminary, under the care of the P. E. Church in Bucks County, and remained there until his election two years ago as successor to the then Vice-President of Girard College, HENRY W. AIREY.

—It is rumored in Washington that the Hon. RANDALL L. GIBSON, U. S. Senator-elect from Louisiana, will resign that position to become president of the educational institution in New Orleans which has been so munificently endowed by Mr. PAUL TULANE, of Princeton, New Jersey.

—"There is a tide," etc., which, "if taken at the Flood," etc., leads to pleasant results. This was the case last Christmas-day, when Mr. J. C. FLOOD, the Bonanza potentate, divided $6000 among charitable associations in San Francisco, treating Protestants, Catholics, and Hebrews alike.

—General LEW WALLACE, United States Minister to Turkey, is one of the most scholarly as well as one of the most practical men in our diplomatic service. He has just been making a tour to Syria and the Holy Land, and his reception at Jerusalem was "a full-sized" event. All the Americans in the city came out to meet him at the Joppa Gate. The Star-spangled Banner was carried by the Jews, and a leading rabbi made an address of welcome, and led the crowd in giving three cheers. General WALLACE jumped down from his horse, thanked the rabbi in appropriate terms, and shook hands all around. Afterward he was given a reception at the consulate. The Sultan had telegraphed orders in advance as to General WALLACE's lodgings and entertainment by the city officials, which was an unprecedented attention. General WALLACE is a prime personal favorite of the Sultan.

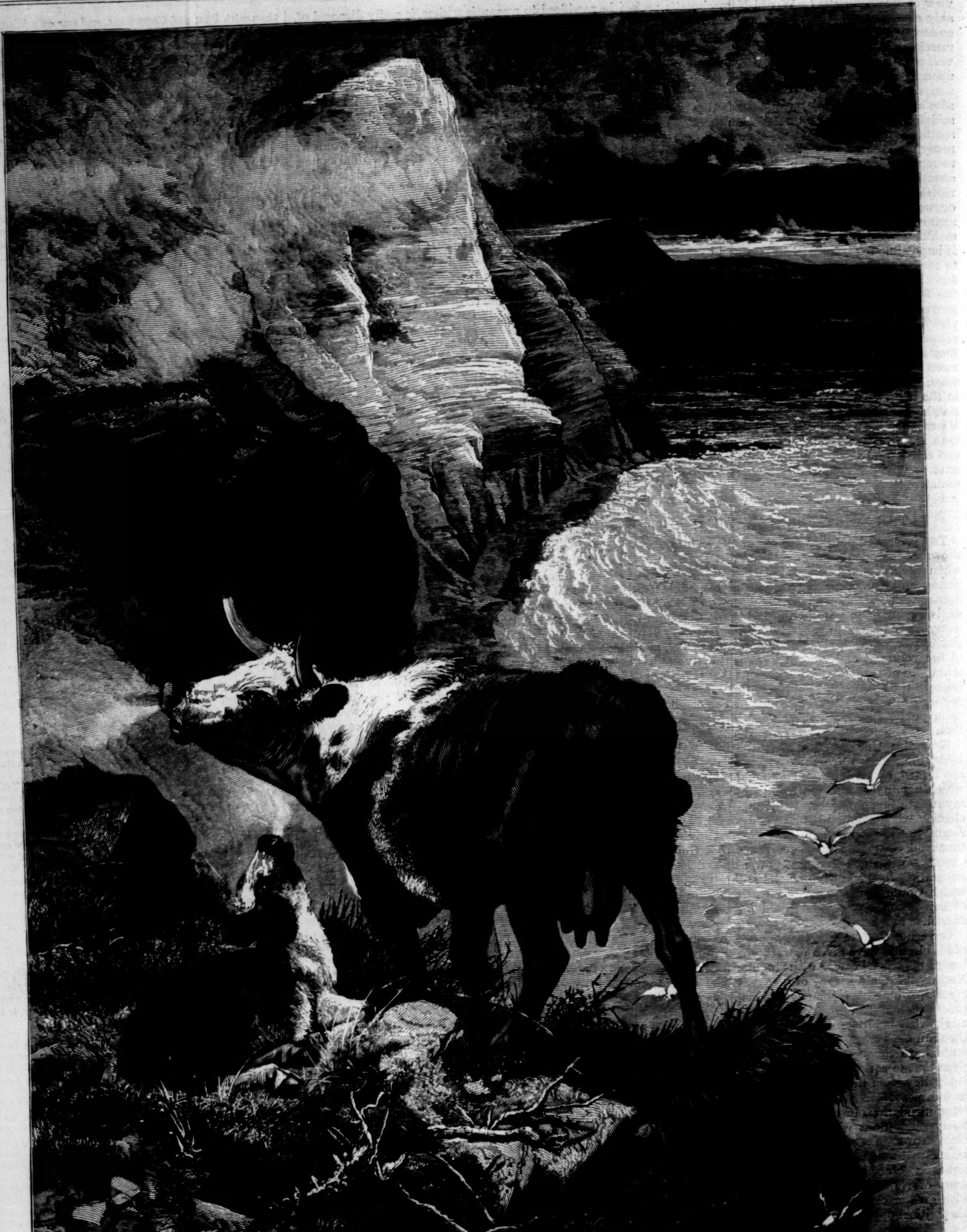
—The seventieth anniversary of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* has just been celebrated. It was first printed by WILLIAM WARLAND CLAPP in 1812, and subsequently by his son, Colonel WILLIAM W. CLAPP, now of the Boston *Journal*. The *Gazette* is now edited and published by Colonel HENRY G. PARKER, and besides being the oldest Sunday paper in the United States, is one of the very best.

—The American fashion of "corners" seems to have spread to England. The demand for HARPER'S CHRISTMAS so far exceeded the supply that the edition was exhausted on the day of publication, and some of the fortunate retailers got double the retail price. The English press has been unanimous in praise of the American novelty.

—When STEPHEN GIRARD died, fifty-two years ago, and left two millions of dollars to found a college for orphan boys, he little thought that his bequest would be so carefully and successfully managed as to be worth, in half a century, over twenty millions, and every year shows a large addition to its residuary fund. Its income in 1882 amounted to $1,022,807 98. The college now contains 1110 pupils, and there are 432 candidates for admission.

—Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON in his recently published autobiography says of Mr. BANCROFT, during his mission to England, that "like all well-bred Americans he was simple and unpretending in his manner, and without affecting republican simplicity, his establishment was unostentatious, and made no attempt to vie with the magnificent display at the Russian and Prussian embassies. But nowhere in London at the time was the society more instructive, or the conversation on a higher strain in point of thought or expression. I could not but feel flattered," he modestly remarks, "by the manner in which on all occasions Mr. BANCROFT endeavored to bring me forward." And our Mr. PRESCOTT pleased him too. "The more I saw of him," says Sir ARCHIBALD, "the more was I struck with his talents and acquirements."

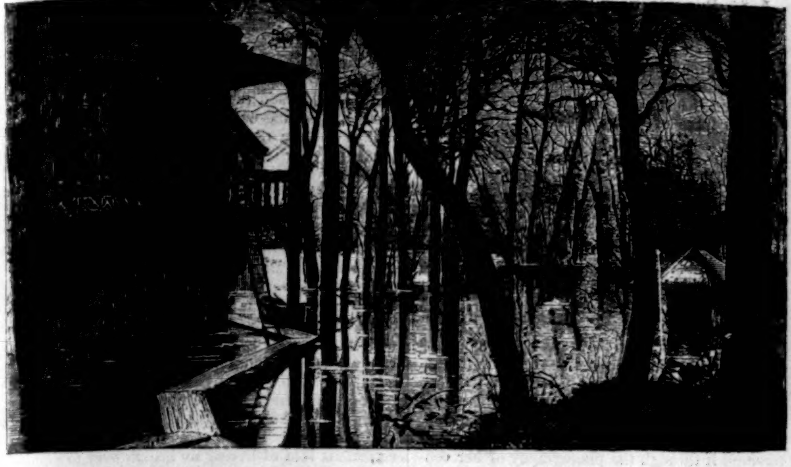
—Writing of Mr. HURLBURT, editor of the New York *World*, a correspondent says that "he is a bachelor, and lives in three rooms in the building of the University of the City of New York. Few visitors enter his room. Their portal has no bell, no knocker, no knob; only a slit for a Yale-lock key, and a larger slit for letters. But they are said to be furnished in a style of barbaric splendor. Trophies of travel hang thick on the walls—rare paintings, china, glass, silver and gold arms and armor. The floors are covered with Oriental rugs and arctic furs. And there are many choice souvenirs, such as an autograph letter from the Shah of Persia, the letter from the Khedive TEWFIK giving the city of New York, through Mr. HURLBURT, the famous obelisk, and many other similar tokens of Mr. HURLBURT's wide acquaintance among the notabilities of foreign lands. He goes to the *World* office late in the evening, and stays until the very early morning. At other times he communicates with his lieutenants by a private telephone line. He is a very handsome man, a highly cultured scholar, and is a charming companion and brilliant social star."



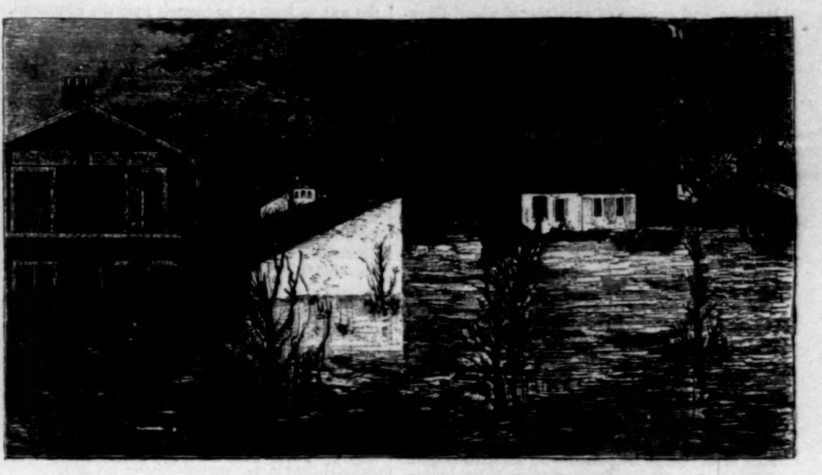
"LOST."—From the Picture by Beavis.

THE OVERFLOW OF THE SEINE.

This winter has been rendered memorable in Europe by most disastrous floods. The Danube has risen above its channel and inundated Vienna; the swollen Rhine has wrought havoc in the cities which stud its banks; the Seine has been in many places transformed into a lake. At Charenton and Alfortville, near the junction of the Seine and the Marne, an immense sea spread before the eyes of the spectator, who could discern in the vast waste of waters here and there merely a tree-top or a roof emerging from the liquid plain. At intervals huge black pipes stood up above the waters—they were the chimneys of factories; while over the surface of the waves—for real waves arose—sea birds were skimming, and screaming dolefully to add to the sadness of the scene. At Villeneuve the water rose so high on the railroad embankment that the wind carried the spray into the faces of the passengers on the train, and compelled precautions to be taken to secure the structure. The trains had to go slowly, and watchers were placed at intervals to indicate by signal to the engine-drivers when to proceed. At the left of the great line from Paris to Geneva, in front of Villeneuve-St.-Georges, all the lowland was submerged in spite of the high embankment of the Lyons Railroad, and the houses of the market-gardeners were ingulfed. The flood began to diminish on the 10th of December, but even then Bercy presented a sad spectacle of streets turned into canals and traversed by boats. At Ivry there was a general emigration, and over two hundred and fifty fugitives received shelter in the barracks, where relief was furnished to them daily. M. Camescasse, the Prefect of Police, assisted at the distribution of clothing, food, and money to the destitute sufferers. The view of the Seine between Asnières, Puteaux, and Suresnes was lamentable, some tufts of trees alone indicating where the islands had been. Everywhere was the same spectacle, "water, water everywhere," bearing down débris of all kinds, and swirling round chimneys and trees in a thick muddy torrent. The police and the soldiers of the wagon train were kept busy in rescuing lives and property. At Courbevoie the town drummer was sent round to announce to the inhabitants that a rise of the river was imminent, and that the greatest precautions must be taken. The Bois de Boulogne was equally submerged in the portions adjoining the river, and the house of the keeper was turned into a resemblance of the dwellings of the prehistoric lacustrine population of Switzerland. The spectacle of

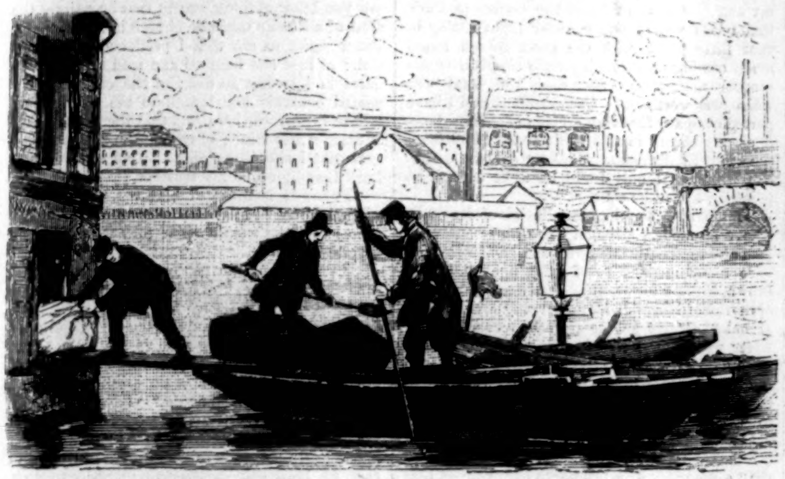


IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



A STREET IN ALFORTVILLE.

the inundation, like every other spectacle, attracted crowds to the scene, and from the Place de la Concorde to Bercy every bridge had its throng of spectators. The hydrometric station at the Quai Malaquais was a great centre of interest, and the news of the decline was read eagerly. By the 12th of December this decline was considerable, in the Seine as well as in its tributaries, the Marne, the Aisne, and the Oise. But there was still the same crowd of gazers, and, to accommodate the curious, extra omnibuses ran from the city to Saint-Cloud.



MOVING OUT.

The greater part of the quays have been mined by infiltration, and many places have caved in on the quays Orsay, Malaquais, and Austerlitz. The inundation went down as rapidly as it had risen, and some of the workshops and factories imprisoned by the waters began to prepare to resume operations. At Ivry two steam-pumps were set to work, under the management of the soldiers of the One-Hundred-and-First Regiment, who were relieved every two hours. But certain formalities have to be gone through before the inhabitants can return to their houses. The re-occupation of the damaged dwellings must be authorized by the Commissary of Police, who, assisted by an architect of experience, examines the cellars and foundations to see whether there is any danger of the building falling. Many houses will be uninhabitable without extensive repairs.

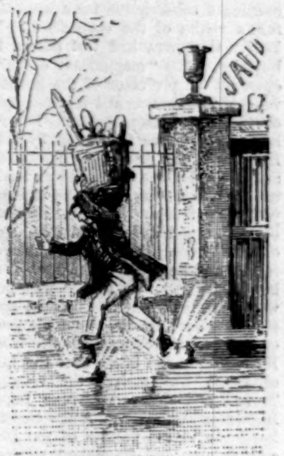
On the banks of the Marne similar scenes presented themselves. From the bridge of Joinville the sight was a striking one. The water had penetrated into all the villas; the houses on the banks were surrounded by the flood, some showing only the roof, others scarcely flooded, just as they happened to be situated, but all abandoned. At Joinville half of the plain was under water. The majority of the dwellers on the little island not far from the railroad were absolutely imprisoned in the upper stories of their houses, and a special service had to be organized to convey to them the necessaries of life. A small flotilla was created to rescue them if necessary, and gangways into the windows were built. Many distressing scenes, of course, took place. At the barrack on the Boulevard Massena a family consisting of a husband, wife, and eight children were sheltered; the man had his leg broken, and the rest of the family had neither clothes nor linen.

The efforts of the government and private charity have been active in endeavoring to alleviate the distress the inundation has caused. The press of Paris has, as usual, been foremost in the good work. A committee of its members has been formed to centralize the subscriptions, and to enter into relations with the committees instituted in each commune, in order to distribute relief as speedily as possible. It has been decided, with a view to repair the damages caused by the flood, to give a grand fête and to publish a special number of each journal for the benefit of the sufferers. The present flood, high as it has been, has not attained the height of the floods of 1872 and 1876. We smile at the Neapolitans who continue to build on a volcano: are those any wiser who continue to build in situations exposed to equal danger from another element?

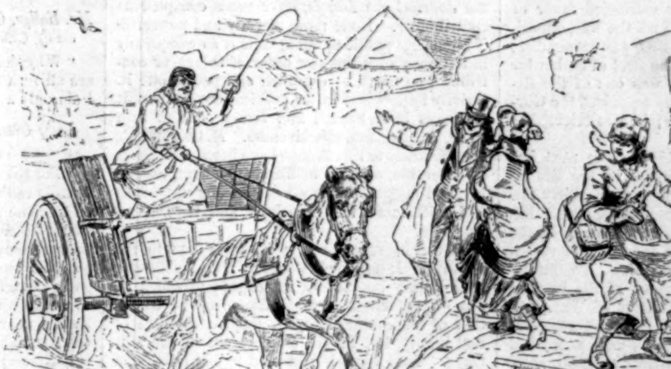
LÉON GAMBETTA.

Like several of the men who have been most conspicuous in French history, M. **Gambetta** was of Italian origin, his father being a Genoese, and his mother bringing the first strain of pure French blood to the family stock. The traces of this Italian origin are very clearly to be seen in the features of the portrait of the dead leader which we publish this week. They were also to be seen still more plainly in his character and speech. He had the fiery impetuosity, the unhesitating courage, and the indomitable will, combined with the aptitude for planning, the subtle personal influence, the sharp wit, and the winning eloquence, which showed the combination of the nature of Northern Italy with that of Southern France. His birth was humble enough, but by no means so much so as has frequently been asserted. His father was a man of considerable means; his mother was an excellent specimen of the French *bourgeoise*, with a strong mind fairly trained, a warm heart, and a generous sympathy with her son's intellectual tastes and ambitions. **Gambetta** was born in the little town of Cahors, in the department of the Lot, on the 30th of October, 1838, so that he was yet in the prime of life when he was so suddenly and unexpectedly snatched away. He was educated in part at a Jesuit seminary, where the fond priests flattered themselves they could harness his flaming spirit to the car of the Church, but gave it up when they found him declaiming **Armand Carrel**'s Republican articles to his schoolmates. Later he spent months of torture in the *Lycée* of his town, where his health was seriously impaired, and from there he was taken into his father's warehouse, which was greater torture still.

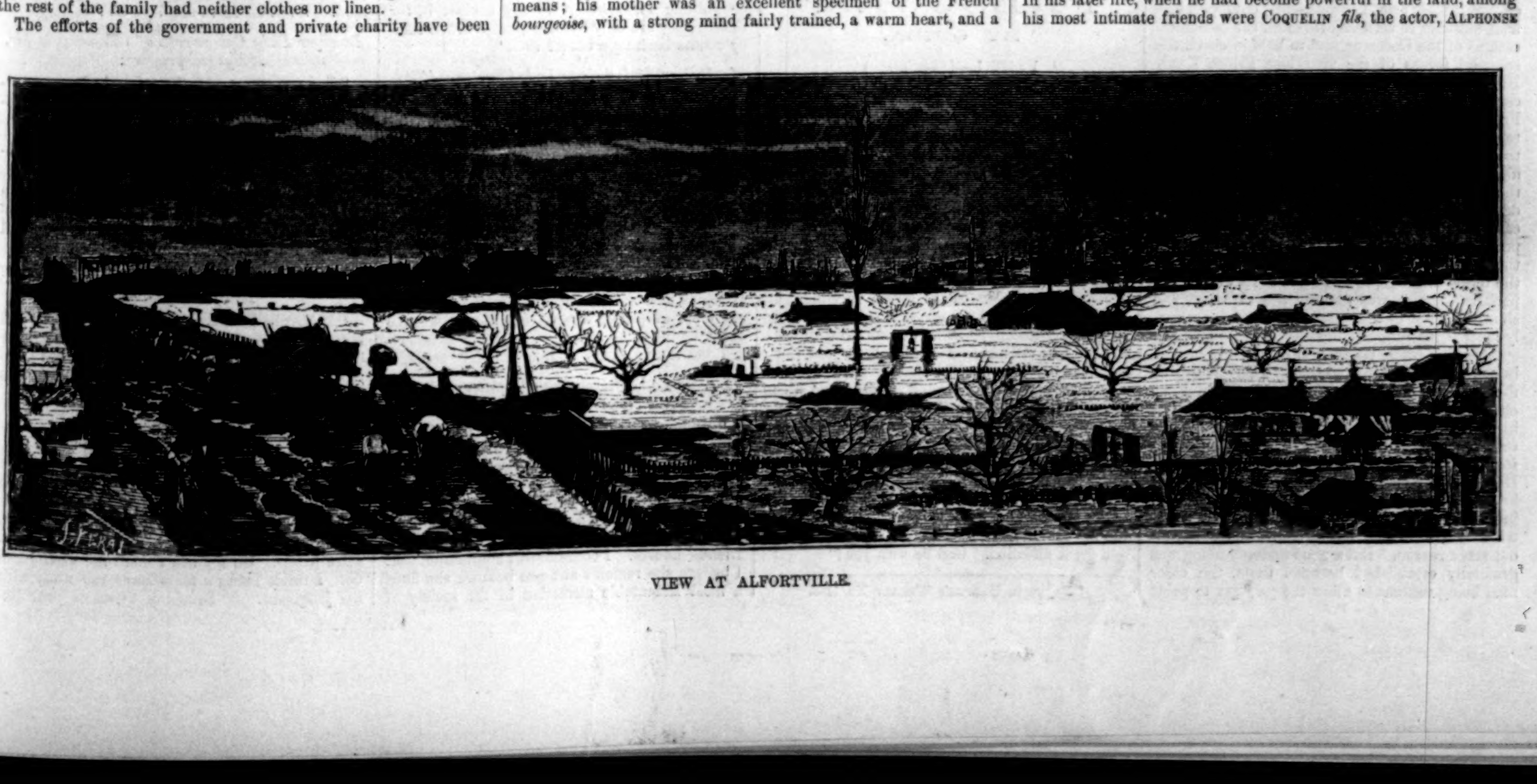
At eighteen he ran away, aided by a contribution from his mother's little economies, and ventured on the law course at the Sorbonne, Paris. Before his meagre stock of money was exhausted his father was persuaded to pardon his contumacy, and give him an allowance to finish his studies, being thereto persuaded in great part by the prayer of the boy's old professor of law, who had been captivated by his pupil's extraordinary voice, and assured the reluctant parent that it would be a crime to deprive the bar of France of such "a magnificent organ." Young **Gambetta** completed in two years the course laid out for four, and devoted the remaining two years, which he was obliged to wait before he could be called to the bar, to general studies and to his first attempts at journalism. Curiously enough, these were not at all political, but essays in criticism of books, of the theatre, and particularly of art, for which he had always an ardent passion, and which he very thoroughly understood. In his later life, when he had become powerful in the land, among his most intimate friends were **Coquelin** *fils*, the actor, **Alphonse**



A STREET CROSSING.



A RECKLESS DRIVER.



VIEW AT ALFORTVILLE.

Daudet, and a group of painters, of whom François Millet was the chief. Happy student days, in which long hours of patient labor were fringed with careless meetings in the Café Procope, devoted to that wide, varied, witty, and penetrating conversation of which Gambetta was always a master. It has been charged that this morning of his life was clouded by dissipation; but whatever boyish excesses he may have indulged in, "dissipation" was the last thing of which he was capable. On the contrary, concentration was his ruling characteristic, and it was no idler who entered successively the offices of the great criminal lawyer Lachaud and the almost equally noted business lawyer Crémieux, who had at that time the largest and most important circle of Israelitish clients in France, if not in Europe. With the latter, Gambetta advanced rapidly to the position of chief clerk, one which, as may be imagined, required hard work, exact knowledge, and the closest fidelity to duty.

In the mean time, among his journalistic excursions was one into the art of reporting the proceedings of the Corps Législatif—an occupation quite different from our conception of reporting, and including running commentaries on men, measures, and ideas. It was of service to him in his later career. At this time he was already an ardent Republican, and associated himself very early with the movement of "Young France" against the Empire. His first conspicuous appearance in connection with politics was his defense of Delescluze, editor of *Le Rappel*, who had been prosecuted for opening a subscription for a monument to Baudin, a victim of the *coup d'état*. This was in 1868. Gambetta had just passed his thirtieth birthday. The "magnificent organ" which had charmed the professor of the Sorbonne was developed by practice, and inspired by the ripened convictions of its possessor. For two hours he held his audience fascinated by his eloquence. His appeal for justice, for liberty of the press and of speech, was enforced by a terrible arraignment of the Empire, its origin, its ideas, purposes, policy, its perils, and its vices. He pictured France bound, gagged, and thrown bleeding at the feet of a vulgar despot, a vain and unscrupulous pretender, and he predicted that when she snapped her bonds and rose to her feet, her oppressor would fall before her. The next spring the Imperialists were amazed to see the young defender of Delescluze returned at once from Paris and Marseilles, at the latter over the heads of their candidate De Lesseps, the veteran Orleanist Thiers, and the conservative Republican and Legitimist candidates. A new element had made itself felt in the politics of the land of official candidatures and fraudulent *plébiscites*. Entering the national legislature as the most popular leader of the Republicans, Gambetta poured the vials of his hot wrath upon the Ollivier ministry, by which the frightened and failing Emperor sought to allay the rising storm, and it was unquestionably to the strength of the movement which he led that was due the mad effort of Napoleon III. to win back the estranged favor of France by a foreign war. With the war, opposition to the government for a time was suspended; but when the Emperor left the field of Sedan for a German prison, Gambetta was one of the Republican leaders who instantly organized the Government of National Defense; he was selected as Minister of the Interior.

This was in September, 1870. The next few months were the most eventful in the life of Gambetta. He was then less than thirty-two years of age. Though his companions were Favre, Ferry, Simon, and Picard—veterans of the liberal party—the weight of the work of resistance to the invaders fell upon him. To the duties of his position as Minister of the Interior were joined those of the Ministry of War. As the Germans hemmed in the capital, Gambetta, sailing above their levies in a balloon, proceeded to Tours, and assumed practically a dictatorship. Of his work during this momentous period there is no adequate account. That his labors were prodigious is certain. The best army of France was shut up in Metz. The larger part of the remainder was surrendered at Sedan. A considerable force of regulars were within the walls of Paris, and with these was nearly all the artillery and material of war not captured or confined with Bazaine. To the armies still disposable Gambetta added six hundred thousand recruits, badly clothed, poorly armed, insufficiently equipped, it is true, but able to seriously threaten the communications of the Germans, and to hold in check the splendid forces of the victorious Prince Karl. He was foredoomed to failure, but the magnificent effort was of priceless value, for it taught France the lesson that mere zeal could not contend with intelligence, unity, and discipline, and that her humiliation was not due to the Empire alone, nor to any treachery of Bazaine's, but to the helplessness bred of her submission to a showy despotism. During this period Gambetta's radical errors were in refusing to call together the people's representatives, and in his attempt, when the Assembly was finally summoned to pass on the terms of peace, to proscribe the principal Imperialists. This was fighting fire with fire, and showed a taint of the dictatorship which seriously marred his future influence.

After the peace Gambetta, completely broken in health, repaired to Spain, where he was during the insurrection of the Commune. He was reelected to the Assembly by enormous majorities in nine departments. Returning to Paris, he took his seat as Deputy from the Bas-Rhin, and founded the journal *La République Française*. His political course since then is familiar to most intelligent readers, and need not be referred to in detail. At first he was looked upon with distrust by Thiers and his advisers, and not without some reason. But a good understanding was gradually established between them, the older man being content to allow the younger to point the way so long as he himself held the command. Gambetta rapidly matured a broad policy. Its first feature was union among the friends of the Republic, and this gained, the steady pursuit of a permanent republic, the practical development of representative parliamentary institutions, universal free secular education, a strong army, free trade, and commercial progress. The instrumentalities on which he relied were party organization, thorough and constant discussion, and the press. Of all these he was a master. His faculty for politics, as it is understood among us, would have been remarkable even here. His intimate acquaintance with the people, his accurate knowledge of the currents of public opinion, his influence over political leaders, were something quite unknown in France. As an orator he had no equal. His command of a miscellaneous audience was perfect, for either direction or restraint. He had the *truc* of apt and significant phrases: "the new social stratum" (*la nouvelle couche sociale*); the marshal "must submit or resign" (*il faut ce son mettre on se démettre*); "the enemy is clericalism" (*le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*). These were the "key-notes" of his campaigns.

When Thiers was driven from power, the opposition to the Republic combined to replace him by Marshal McMahon, under whose rule it was hoped it would be possible to lay the foundation of another throne, the choice of its occupant being for the moment put aside. Gambetta's greatest service to his country was the consummate skill and tremendous energy with which he led the resistance to this plot. His task was at once arduous and full of danger. Practically the people had to be instructed in the use of the ballot, and to be convinced that representative government was the only safe one possible for France, while the old leaders of the Empire were in power to repress, corrupt, and pervert the expression of popular opinion, and watching every opportunity to bring the Republican leader within the clutches of the law. But with an admirable combination of audacity and prudence, Gambetta, laboring night and day with voice and pen, accomplished the purpose which he had set for himself. In 1877, the country returned to the Assembly an overwhelming majority of Republicans, and shortly after the Senate also was lost to the reactionaries. M. Grévy, a Republican *de la veille*, became President. "The era of danger was closed," as M. Gambetta tersely announced: "the era of difficulties had opened." Secure in power, the Republicans divided among themselves. Gambetta, called to the head of the Ministry, was sacrificed to the jealousies and ambitions of smaller men, and retired to await a more propitious time for the resumption of that leadership which belonged to him by right of superior services, capacity, and wisdom.

He returned to the conduct of his journal, always his favorite occupation. Of the *République Française* it is small praise to say that he had made it the strongest journal in France. Others, like the *Figaro*, have a wider circulation, or, like the *Journal des Débats*, have more conspicuous contributors. None more directly and powerfully influences public opinion, none is so completely in harmony with the new order of things, or contributes so much to establish and perpetuate it. Strictly impersonal in its political department, it discusses both French and foreign affairs with vigor, breadth, and effectiveness. M. Gambetta's contributions to its columns have been at all times considerable, and his brilliant statement, caustic wit, and delightful irony will be sadly missed, as will still more his sagacious and determined guidance.

M. Gambetta's death is a severe loss to the republic. If happily it is not an irreparable one, it is largely because of the degree to which he has strengthened its foundations by the education of his countrymen not only in the love of real liberty, but in the employment of the suffrage. That work is regarded by his friends in France, as it was by himself, as his greatest, and ambitious as he unquestionably was, it was the source of his sincerest satisfaction that he had helped to fit his country to do without leadership. It may be added that he was an intelligent and discriminating as well as an ardent friend and admirer of the American republic.

Edward Cary.

FRESCOES.[*]

BY OUIDA.

PART I.—(*Continued.*)

Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, to Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest:

"I have dispatched the book as you desire, my beloved son. I sent it down to Subiaco by Ammaro, so that I trust it will reach you by the post thence in safety. It delights me that so far away our humble dwelling and our little hamlet still keep a hold upon your heart-strings. Nowhere, my dear son, will you have warmer welcome than here; whenever again your steps shall bring you up our narrow mountain path you will bring joy with you. Marta grows very old, but not too old, she bids me say, to love you. May I, your oldest friend, presume on one word of caution? You take a natural interest in your English hostess. Be heedful that it grow not too strong an interest. My mind misgives me when you tell one of those music lessons, those readings of our poets. No doubt you are of as great an interest to this great lady; but since she *is* a great lady, and you are a man as proud as poor, there can be little to be hoped for from this intimacy, and surely its enjoyment is one fraught with peril. Forgive me if I hint this, and attribute my timidity to that which is always timorous—a great affection. God be with you!"

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"Dear and reverend Father,—Be not afraid; I have a triple armor of poverty, art, and pride, however misplaced pride may be in one born as I was. She is lovely, and interests me, I admit, if by mere force of contrast betwixt the obvious faults of her character and its potential powers for good. Her intense but unconscious selfishness and her possible greatness of nature, were higher emotions ever to touch her, make a psychological study quite out of the common. This sounds very abstract and didactic, but it is this contrast which interests me, nothing more. However, even this will soon cease to be near me. She leaves here, as I told you; it is doubtful whether she returns at all before going to the Riviera for winter.

"It seems they go on from one house to another until a whole autumn can be passed in this series of *viavai*. It appears to me that they are always as much *en scène* as if they were on the stage itself. It is an endless round of dressing, dining, trifling, talking; as I have come to understand it through the photography of her conversation, it seems to me the most vapid existence possible, but she assures me it has its excitements. She says that when once you are *dans le train* you could never lead any other kind of life. I am grateful that I shall never have the chance to be *dans le train* myself!

"Be easy on the score of my danger; I have a triple armor, I say, in my poverty, in my pride, in my art. Long ago I loved the woman in Paris that I told you of one summer night sitting in your little porch, with the great golden round moon coming up through purple clouds over the eastern mountains. She died, and what was worse, was worthless. Love-madness and I have parted company for evermore; and I shall be lonely as any hermit in this great house all through the windy English autumn and the darksome English winter. If only there be light enough to paint by, I shall be content.

"I am now painting the Burial of Daphnis. I have no models amongst these burly husbandmen and rheumatic laborers, but I have memories—so many memories—of lithe, light limbs, of brown, leaping forms, of ox-drawn harvest-wains, of rhythmic dances under the arching olive boughs, of naked figures, supple as river reeds, drawing water with the pole as in the days of Daphnis; in so much we are so little changed in Italy since the years of Theocritus. Ah, dear and best friend, be sure of this, my heart is too much with Italy to wander elsewhere in any folly. Besides, be also sure that if I have grown higher in miladi's estimation than the *fournisseur*, I am no more than a secretary or a teacher in her eyes; at best a Rizzio to whom this haughtier queen would hardly drop a glove or give pity with a look. But I want neither glove nor pity; I shall be quite content if, when she shall see her ball-room finished, she shall smile, and bid me go. *A rivederci*, beloved and true friend!"

Mr. Hollys, Glenlochrie, Argyllshire, to the Countess of Charterys, Milton Ernest (telegraphs):

"Why don't you come to Drumdries? They are all furious, and I shall not see you at all, for I am only away for two weeks."

Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys Glenlochrie (writes):

"I'm too sorry, dear Harry, not to see *you*, but I really can't stand Drumdries. When I accepted to come I could not tell that poor Kingslynn would be close by on his own moor. I thought he was going to kill elephants in Africa or India. I should be quite afraid to stir a step outside the gates there for fear of meeting him; he bores me so unutterably. I know as well as you do that he is a dear, good little boy; he never does anything naughty except when he's in Paris, where it is conceded to all British virtue to go about in slippers; but I can't marry him, even to be one of the dozen Duchesses of Great Britain and Ireland, which all my friends are unanimous in declaring is the only thing worth living for in this world. I am quite content as I am. Yes, I am going on a lot of visits very soon, but not just yet. I have Hermione here; she is rather taken with one of our neighbors, John Herbert of Wardell; he is only just come home from endless travels, and if they like one another, there would be nothing for anybody to say against it, for though they are only baronets, the Wardell family counts back ages before that."

Mr. Hollys, Glenlochrie, to Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"That is it, is it? Hermione and Jack Herbert, and you and ——, a pretty *partie carrée!* Well, there's nothing to say, as you justly observe, against *Herbert*."

Mr. Hollys, Glenlochrie, to the Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, Milton Ernest:

"Dear Aunt,—Pray pardon me, but can't you make Esmée keep her engagements and go to other houses if she won't come to Drumdries? It begins to look very odd. If she won't go out, get a lot of people down. For Heaven's sake break up the thing somehow. I would come myself, but must be back in Rome in sixty hours."

Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Glenlochrie:

"My dear Henry,—No one can be so painfully sensitive as myself to the lamentable imprudences (I might almost employ a stronger word) of my granddaughter, Lady Charterys. But I can do nothing; she is entirely independent, and you know of old her headstrong self-will. She does not go to Cowes; she does not go to any of her friends' houses. I confess with humiliation that I believe she remains at home because she finds a most lamentable attraction in the society of the Roman artist whom you deemed proper to send here. There is, of course, no absolute indiscretion committed; even Esmée has sufficient respect for my presence to make that impossible. But there are very great irregularities, a most reprehensible degree of intimacy. She actually asked this person to dine with us; he had good sense and feeling enough to refuse; but this will indicate to you the footing on which she treats him. He teaches her Italian, and corrects her singing: you know to what this sort of thing is invariably a prelude. Of course you could not imagine that Esmée could so far forget herself as to make a companion of a young man sent to paint her ball-room, but it is very unfortunate that you could not find some one at least middle-aged and less good-looking than this person is. The whole matter is painful to me, and scandalous to a degree which I can not describe. I am entirely at a loss what to do. Were it any one else I should at once leave a house in which I have ceased to have any influence, but I can not of course be the first to ruin my granddaughter's reputation by such a step. I foresaw that some miserable complication would ensue from this ridiculous idea of having an Italian over to paint the ball-room; if it had been put in the hands of good decorators, they would have done all that was needed, and Esmée would not have entered it until the walls were completed. You may be sure that I have exhausted all possible arguments in the endeavor to persuade her of the great and irreparable injury which will fall on her by her familiarity with a foreigner of whom even you admit you know nothing, except that he painted the altar of a Roman Catholic church in some village. But I regret to say that I produced no impression; at first she laughed and said there was no harm in learning Italian; at the end of my repeated counsels she hinted to me bluntly that Milton Ernest was hers, and that the manor-house at Staines was mine; of course she meant to suggest that I should go there. Can not you and Lord Llandudno, as her trustees, interfere?

"P. S.—It is impossible to ask people down when Esmée would not speak to them if they came; and she would not if they were asked in despite of her."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Dowager Lady Cairnwrath, Milton Ernest:

"Dear Aunt,—I am quite too sorry, and can't forgive myself for being such an ass. But as Esmée has never before spent three months out of the twelve at Milton, how on earth could I tell this mischief would come on? I am afraid Lord Llandudno and I have no jurisdiction except over the property. We have no right to dictate to her about asking a painter to dinner. In point of fact, we both ask painters to dinner ourselves. You think painters are sweeps, but indeed the world has changed its mind about these things; I think she might ask him to dinner, but I am quite with you in thinking that for her to flirt with him is a hideous enormity. Besides, it is rough on the poor wretch himself, since nothing can come of it, for when she's tired of Tasso and the mandoline she'll forget he exists in twenty-four hours, and expect him to take five hundred pounds for his frescoes and be grateful. I don't fancy you need worry yourself seriously, though I can entirely understand how annoying it all is to you, and I wish to Heaven I had never found out Renzo's studio. It was hard enough to find, for it was up a hundred and ninety-five stairs, precipitous and pitch-dark, and it had a pumpkin tied to a string for a knocker."

Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"I am unhappily aware, my dear Henry, that your world nowadays thinks all social distinctions unnecessary, and all serious considerations pedantry. At the same time, if Lord Llandudno do ask painters to dinner, he would be the last man to allow one of his daughters to marry one of them, and I now solemnly warn you that I consider it quite possible that my granddaughter Esmée might in her madness and furious obstinacy throw herself away on this man. It is time, I think you will allow, for a *conseil de famille* on this most terrible dilemma."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, Milton Ernest:

"But there are no *conseils de famille* in England. What on earth shall we do?"

Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, to Mr. Hollys (telegraphs):

"Can not you get his Ministers in Rome to order him home? What use are extradition treaties?"

Mr. Hollys to Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry (telegraphs):

"But if we have done nothing wrong, how can we demand his extradition? I am at my wits' end. I write to Llandudno. I am sure he will run down to Milton."

Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry to Mr. Hollys (telegraphs):

"I shall be happy to see Lord Llandudno, and I imagine Lady Charterys can scarcely turn her back on her own trustee. But be so good as to remember that it was *not* Lord Llandudno who sent this person here."

PART II.

Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest, to Hon. H. Hollys, Rome:

"Dear Harry,—I came down here as you asked me; I made a pretext out of the Monmouthshire leases. On my life I don't see what I can do. I think Tabby's fears have run away with her judgment. If Esmée is sweet on your Roman friend, she conceals it remarkably well. I like the man myself; he is a gentleman, and he has out-and-out talent. He will make a superb thing of the ball-room: his designs are worthy a Parthenon. It seems the fellow reads Italian with her, and is correcting her style of singing, and showing her the tricks of the mandoline, and all this goes on at tea-time in the ball-room; she lets him be quite quiet till five o'clock. I told Lady Cairnwrath (*who raves*) that I thought we did better to leave Esmée alone; she is not a baby, and she gets her back up very soon, and really to suggest to her that she can't be decently civil to a person who is doing things for her worthy of Domenichino, without compromising herself, or meaning to make a fool of herself about him, seems to me to be going very near the wind. I never do favor saying things to women that a man would knock you down for if you tried 'em on with him. Interference, I always believe, is the very hind-hoof of the devil. She is not the sort of woman for imprudences: it will be much more like her to amuse herself with the fellow while the novelty lasts, and then write him a check and forget his existence. She's as proud as blazes, and never would let herself down. It was a mistake having him in the house, perhaps: he might have lived in the village; but I don't think it matters. If she don't move before, she'll go to Cannes. I wish, with you, that she'd take poor Vic., but I can't see a chance of it. Little Hermie Latrobe is here, and going on with Herbert of Wardell till all's blue. Tabby will have it that your friend's an adventurer, a schemer, all the rest of it, and that he has all kinds of dark conspiracies to compromise Esmée and drive her up in a corner to marry him. But all this is moonshine. The man strikes me as a thorough gentleman. He hangs back whenever Esmée wants him to come out of his painting-room. They talk French, and I am not A1 at French, but as far as I can make out they quarrel a good deal. Hermione knows all they say, but she's a sly little mouse when she chooses. At all events, I'm quite sure interference wouldn't do any good: if you try to ride Esmée with a gag-bit she flings you a cropper at once; just like my daughters.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1358.

Truly yours, dear Hollys, LLANDUDNO.

"P.S.—Tabby's always for the gag-bit! What a time the defunct C. of O. must have had of it, and how glad he must be of those eternal shades, where the bothered are at rest! *But if she join him when she dies?!*"

Mr. Hollys to Lord Llandudno:

"DEAR LLANDUDNO,—So many thanks! you relieve my mind tremendously. The venerable C. of O. always foresees a conflagration of the universe whenever anybody strikes a match, especially if it's struck on the *wrong box*. Renzo is a gentleman, I am sure; there's such old patrician blood in so many of those fellows even when they're not very sure where they come from originally. I quite agree with you about riding with a light hand. Pray forgive a scrawl; I have to write a report on the quantities of jute and other similar articles used in this country during each year, which really and truly is only consular work. Nobody at F. O. in the least wants to know this, and nobody will ever read the report; it will be safely pigeon-holed for fifty years, and then be burned, still unread; but duty is duty, even when the thermometer is at 45° R. in the shade, and it is the twentieth day of August which finds your wretched friend in the Urbs—Eternal City it is no more: it is all going; pounded into dust under tramway cars and the modern builder's hods of stucco. We are in an age in which nothing is sacred. I expect they will get chopping at the palm of Augustus. Ever yours." etc.

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"BEST BELOVED FATHER AND FRIEND,—Your kindly fears for my peace may be at rest. Miladi is gone; they say she will not return till the spring. A week or two ago there arrived on a visit here an English lord with a name I can not remember, and could not spell if I did. He was one of her *tutori;* only now that she is of age to be her own mistress his powers of jurisdiction only extend to her property. In England it appears the property is always the first care. It is so fenced up and tied about in favor of people unborn that nobody ever seems thoroughly to enjoy it; but I am by no means sure that this self-denial is not the cause of the nation's great prosperity and solidarity.

"I think she is sorry to go. She seems interested in the studies that I have persuaded her to take up; she is beginning to understand what good singing is. I suppose her professors were too intent in making them agreeable to a young countess with two hundred thousand pounds a year to make themselves *dis*agreeable by insisting on accuracy and moderation in the use of natural powers. She is certainly regretful to go; she said as much frankly to me last night. But it seems she has neglected many engagements, and these unhappy great people are the slaves of their own world; it reminds me of Frankenstein! The lord with the strange Welsh name did not, I think, approve of her intimacy with me. He was a very light-hearted, pleasant, easy person, but he had quick eyes and a great deal of tact under that peculiar rough *nonchalance* which is so common to English gentlemen; they wear it like a sort of loose overcoat, under which they conceal everything. I do not know whether it was by persuasion or ridicule that he induced her to make these visits which she had promised to make in the coming month, but directly or indirectly he induced her to do so; a week after he left she went away; her grandmother is gone also.

"This great place seems very silent and lonely. Nothing can exceed her kindness in the orders she has given for my comfort. I am to ride or drive any horse I please, and the household is to obey all my commands. I imagine the servants do not like this at all. I am half afraid they accredit me with the delightful profession of a spy! My friend the head gardener alone is content; he is very fond of me, because I love flowers, and understand something of them, as all artists are bound to do. So here I am alone, with the exception of this legion of servants, who seem to me to do nothing but eat, yawn, and dress. The place grows on me for all that, and were there only fewer rainy days, there would be little of which to complain. The grandeur of the yews and cedars, of the huge oaks and of the long avenues of lime-trees, is always solemn, quieting, and beautiful. When the day grows too dark to paint more, I go out in the park—in the home woods, as they are called. Some of the deer are growing to know me, and one doe has become so friendly she comes to meet me. They say she is old; but she is a pretty creature, with a silver collar round her throat, placed there by the last earl, whose pet she was. Her name is on it, Nerina—the name, you will remember, of my poor mother. It is like finding an old friend in this strange land. I hear this earl, whose name was Alured, was much in Italy, and had what the people here call foreign tastes. I believe he was not at all a good man, and there are odd tales of him: so my ally, the gardener-in-chief, tells me: this gardener by-the-way, has a charming house in the village, keeps a pony-carriage, and has an income that would make a Venetian or Florentine gentleman rich. This gossiping will only interest you as enabling you to figure to yourself my daily life here. I confess I miss the presence of miladi: it would be strange to do otherwise; but I am solitary without being dull: I am never dull where I have my fancy free, and can go at will into the open air. It is true, the air here is not always inviting.

"I am becoming afraid, I candidly own, of getting too used to this life of *lusso*. I have always seen bare floors, bare walls where I had not scrawled over them, the simplest furniture, the simplest food, a dish of soup, and bread and fruit, a little flask of *nostrali* wine making all my banquet; but now—so soon does one learn bad habits!—now it seems quite natural to find my bath filled for me, my clothes brushed and ready, my wants all anticipated, a table spread thrice a day for me alone, with egg-shell china and Queen Anne plate, and all sorts of dainties and French wines, while two powdered giants move around me as noiselessly as if they were mice. It all seems so natural, and I am humiliated to feel that I shall miss it all when I go back to the old life of privation. And I used to think myself, not so long ago, a philosopher, a poet, content with the food of spirit, and scorning the comforts of the flesh. I am half afraid that, like many other wiseacres, I only scorned what I was ignorant of! To be sure, in our climate, it is easier to be reconciled to a crust and a handful of plums than it would be here, and a bare floor does not seem so amiss when it has our sunbeams shining down on it, and a trail of a wild vine straying across it. Still, it is ill to lie in Capua when one knows that on the morrow one must go away to toil and uncertainty and the hunger of hope deferred. No; believe me it is not, as you will suppose, regret for a woman that makes me feel that it will be a heavy trial to leave this place. It is considerations much grosser, much baser, much lower, that weigh on me. I am neither so stoical nor so spiritual as I thought, but I am, as ever, your devoted and grateful," etc., etc.

The Lady Charterys, Acornby, Salop, to Signore Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, Berks:

"Comment va la peinture? Ecrivez-moi ici et donnez-moi de vos nouvelles."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Two well-dressed men were recently sentenced in Cincinnati to pay a fine of $150 each, and to suffer a month's imprisonment, for stealing an umbrella worth a dollar and a half. A Cincinnati newspaper endeavors to ward off a panic by explaining that it was the bad reputation of the men, and their manner of taking the umbrella from the rack, which convicted them. "Under similar circumstances," it adds, "no charge of larceny could be sustained against a reputable person."

The State of Minnesota recently found its treasury empty. The Railway Commissioner requested the managers of the trunk lines to advance a part of the three per cent. tax on the gross earnings of the roads, which would not be due for several months. The roads immediately came to the rescue with $60,000, and the State was enabled to keep its departments open.

Christmas was celebrated on a moving railway train between Cincinnati and Terre Haute by an opera company. A Christmas tree was prepared in one of the drawing-room cars, one of the singers personated Santa Claus, presents were exchanged, and speeches were made, and all while the train was speeding along at the rate of forty-five miles an hour.

It is said that Victor Hugo slept during nearly all of his play *Le Roi s'Amuse* on the occasion of its recent reproduction in Paris fifty years after the date of its production. A critic unkindly adds, "So did many in the audience."

The municipal authorities of Indianapolis have adopted a plan which they think may result in the removal of telegraph poles from the streets. It is to tax the telegraph companies two dollars a year for each pole. The companies can avoid payment of this pole-tax by putting their wires under-ground.

Item from an Illinois paper: "Napoleon La Mountain, the well-known bank burglar, who revels under a cloud of aliases, among which are 'Little Corporal' and 'Frenchy,' has been for two days attempting to pick the lock of the old safe at the Chicago and Alton office, the key having got lost some days ago." M. La Mountain's reputation is at stake.

Highwaymen armed with sand-clubs prowl the streets of Chicago at night. A Chicago paper advises persons who are out late to walk in the middle of the street for safety's sake.

The recent overflow of the river Seine drove vast numbers of rats out of the Paris sewers, and it is said that residents in certain quarters were fairly overrun by the rodents, finding them in their shoes, in their dressing-case drawers, and in all sorts of odd places, when they arose in the morning. Cats and rat-catching dogs were in great demand.

Beavers are building across Feather River, in California, a dam, in which they are using large cottonwood-trees. All the dams that the miners have built for protection against spring freshets have been washed away, and as it is said that beaver dams are never thus destroyed, the miners are watching with deep interest the results of the little animals' engineering.

The first number of *Le Passage de Venus* has appeared in France. It will be published as often as Venus crosses the sun's disk in line with the earth. The next issue will be on June 8 of the year 2004. Now is the time to subscribe.

A Detroit man has invented a furnace in which refuse tinware, oyster cans, fruit cans, etc., can be so treated that the solder shall be restored to commerce, and the sheets of tin made suitable for manufacturing purposes. At this rate of progress toward a higher civilization it won't be long before it will be impossible for a poor family to keep a goat.

Cartridges of powdered quicklime, strongly compressed, have been used with good results for blasting in English coal mines. Water is introduced into the cartridge through a perforated iron tube, and the chemical action rends the solid mass without noise, smoke, or danger. The upper parts of New York city, where extensive blasting is necessary before building can begin, and where the explosions are attended with danger to the public, afford a good field for the trial of the new method.

A dealer in New Orleans avers that he sends 1,500,000 cocoa-nut shells to New York annually to be ground up with black pepper.

Three men were captured by an Oregon mob a few nights ago and hanged. An account of the affair says that the men were accused of no specified crimes, but were known to be bad men, and were "hung on general principles."

There are many things to be taken into consideration before deciding what character one shall personate at a mask ball. A young man of Memphis went as George Washington, and became tipsy. The magistrate before whom he was arraigned added fifteen dollars to the usual fine because he had disgraced himself while personating the Father of his Country.

Speaking of Senator Anthony's bill to prohibit the use of capital for other than legitimate purposes, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says, "This bill ought to stop about half the legislation of an average session."

A Canadian who nearly froze to death while driving to his home has described his sensations to a reporter. The condition of extreme suffering gave place to a feeling of grateful warmth and exhilaration. "The sleigh, instead of crawling along at a snail's pace, appeared to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses fairly flew like pigeons. A sense of exultation filled the farmer's breast as he urged the horses to still greater speed, and the woods on each side were passing so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. Then the sleigh bells sounded fainter and fainter, until the chimes disappeared in the distance, the farmer fell gradually into a delicious slumber, which came near being the sleep that knows no waking, and he knew no more until brought to life under a vigorous treatment."

While the custom of receiving New-Year's callers was generally honored in Washington this year, it was observed by comparatively few in New York. Under any other form of government than a republican the example set at the capital would be likely to result next season in a revival of the custom in the metropolis of the nation. Perhaps it will as it is.

While the ten Brooklyn Aldermen were confined recently in the Raymond Street Jail for contempt of court one of them was accosted by a tramp whom he had himself sentenced while sitting in the place of a police justice. Speaking in a husky voice, the tramp reminded the Alderman of their previous meeting, said he was to be released on the following day, and kindly inquired whether he could do anything for him.

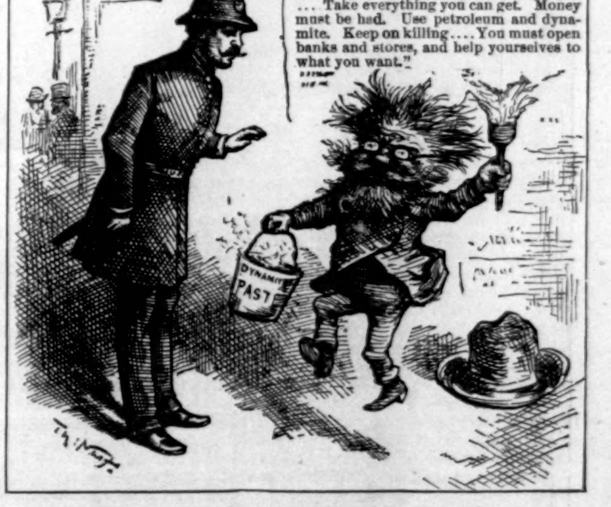
In Philadelphia recently Mr. Wilhelm Steinitz, the famous chess-player, offered to pit himself against any thirty players that could be produced, and to play the thirty games simultaneously. Only sixteen players came forward. The first few moves, stereotyped openings for the most part, were made rapidly, the champion stopping for only a moment at each board. As the games progressed he gave more thought to his play, but seldom hesitated more than half a minute. Three hours from the beginning he had won all the games but one.

Although Secretary Teller was unable to grant the request which the Turtle Mountain Chippewa Indians brought to Washington not long ago, he was compelled to pay a tribute to the antiquity of the band. He told them that their claim to the Turtle Mountain country had been traced back two hundred years, but that they had no better claim to this tract than the other Chippewas, because they could base their claim only on the tribal title of immemorial occupancy. There are ten thousand white settlers on the tract claimed by the Turtle Mountain Chippewas, which embraces nine million acres of desirable land in Northern Dakota.

The Utah Commission, it is said, will recommend the abolition of woman suffrage in that Territory, on the ground that it is one of the main supports of Mormonism and polygamy. It is asserted that the Mormon women vote as a duty to the Church, while the "Gentile" women refrain from voting, and thus the Mormon element obtains an advantage in the Territory that it would not have otherwise.

An aged Indian was bewailing in Virginia City, Nevada, not long ago, the apathy of his race in respect to matters of a warlike nature. "Old times gone," he said. "Long 'go Shoshone meet Piute, Piute meet Washoe, one get killed. Now when meet, sit down and eat."

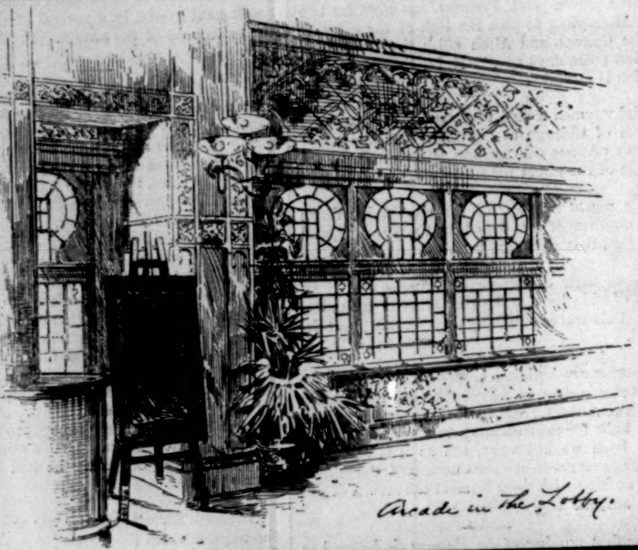
Writing from Washington, a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* tells of "an aristocracy unlike that of any other city." It is supremely indifferent to politics, and is, says the writer, composed mainly of the army and navy and the remnants of an old aristocracy which has clung to the government like a barnacle for half a century. Its members live in pretentious boarding-houses, and have always such an acquaintance in the ultra-fashionable circles that they are found at all their receptions and parties. They are generally in receipt of a quarterly check upon the Treasury—"a memento of some deceased relative who years ago belonged to the military establishment—or else have some perquisite in a department which yields a petty income without much work." The writer says that they hold a most supreme contempt of that class in Washington whom they style Congressional people. "Revelling in the memory of by-gone relatives who once drew salaries from the nation," it is added, "they hold themselves in lofty contempt of these later gentlemen who now hold the places which their grandfathers occupied." They are described as an aristocracy based simply upon traditions of official place.


HERR MOST'S ADDRESS.
CHICAGO.
"ALL institutions must be obliterated from the face of the earth.... You must kill every one now ruling over the people. ... Take everything you can get. Money must be had. Use petroleum and dynamite. Keep on killing.... You must open banks and stores, and help yourselves to what you want."
DYNAMITE PASTE
Th: Nast

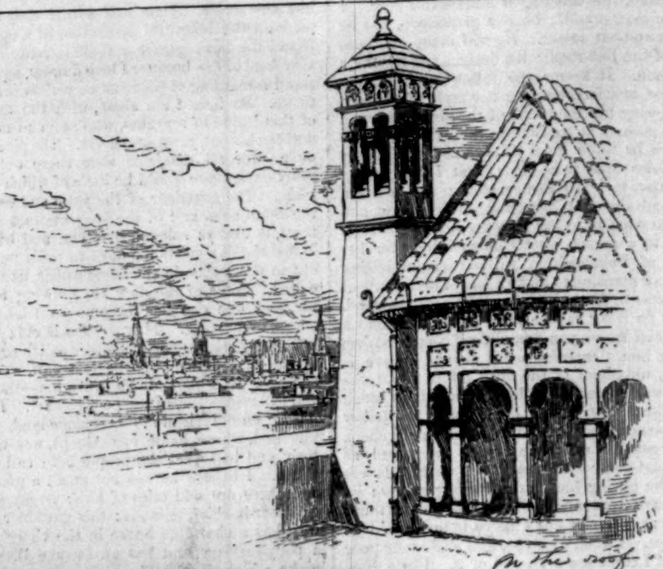
THE COUNTRY FOR EVAPORATING THEORIES.

HERR MOST. "Do you call this a free country, where a person *can't* be arrested?"

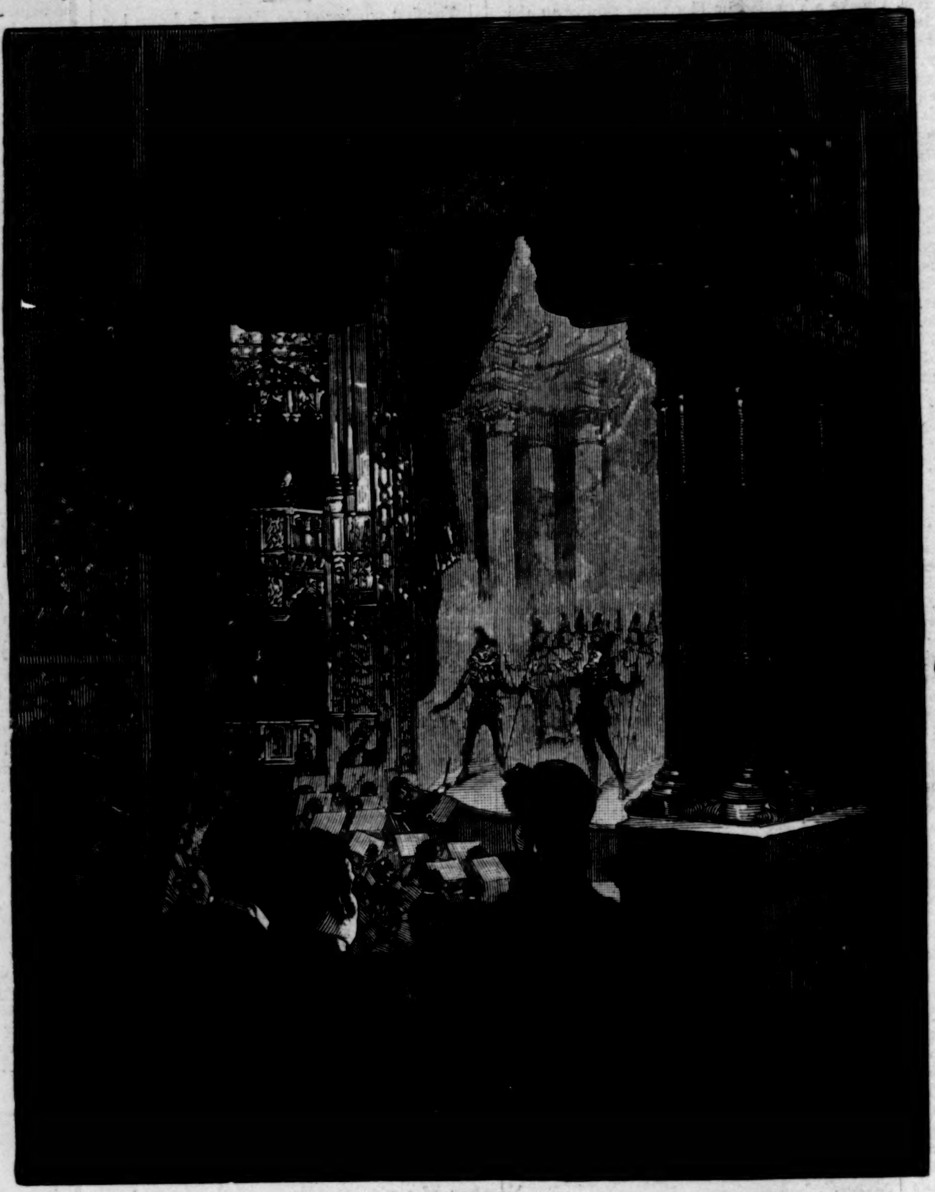
U. S. POLICEMAN. "As long as you don't hurt any one but yourself, the law will not interfere; and when you have relieved yourself, *you will drop into oblivion like the rest.*"



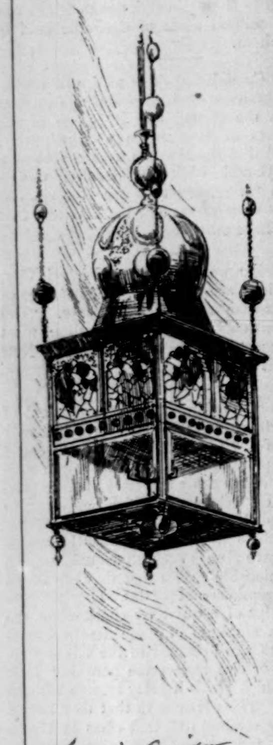
Arcade in the Lobby.



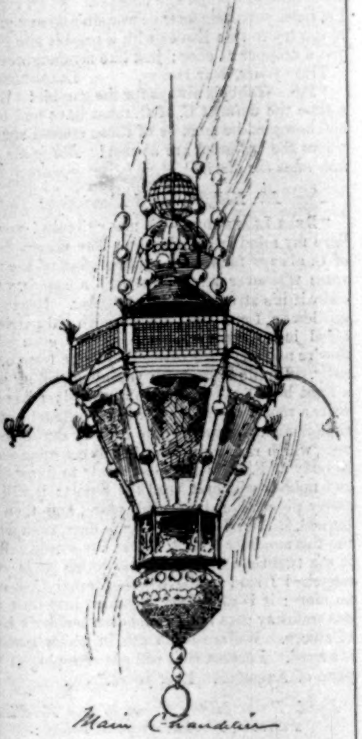
On the roof



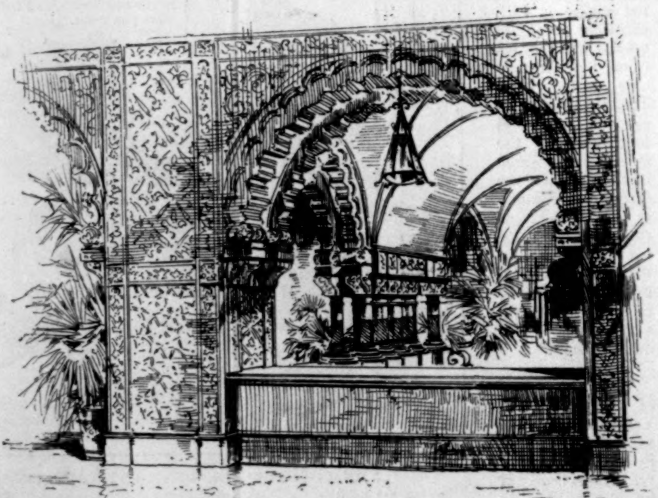
IN A PROSCENIUM BOX.



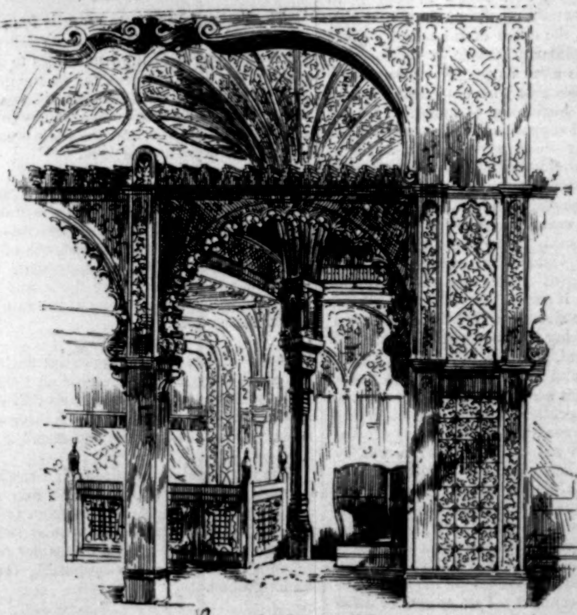
Lamp in Corridor



Main Chandelier

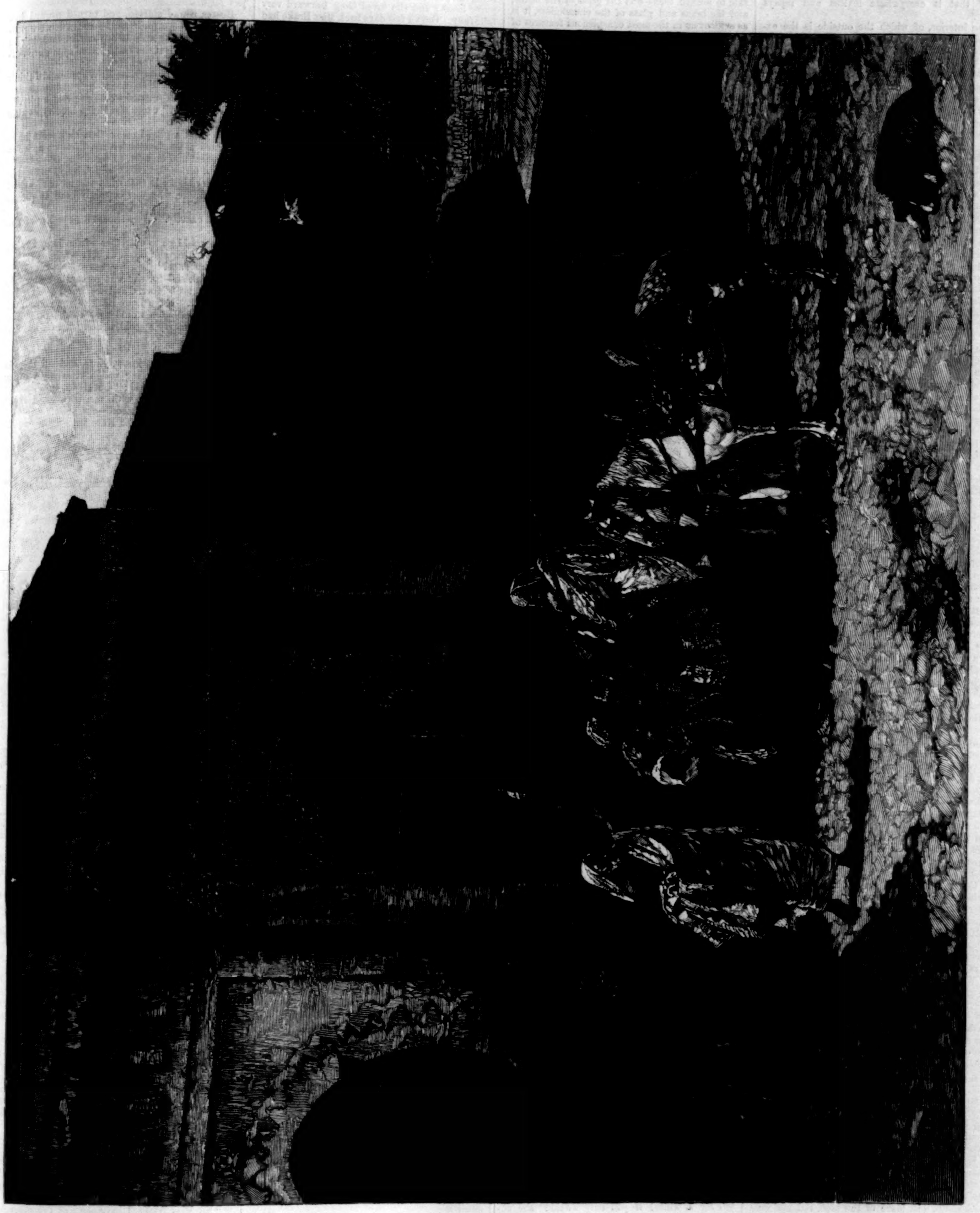


Glimpse in the Foyer.



In the First Tier

IN THE NEW YORK CASINO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 25.]



"A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN IN THE CITY OF MOROCCO."—Engraved, by Permission of Messrs. Williams & Everett, Boston, from the Painting by Edwin Lord Weeks.

EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

The artist of the beautiful picture of which an engraving is given on this page was born in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1849. Evincing very early a predilection for the pursuit of art, he went to Paris while quite young, and studied there in L'Ecole des Beaux-Art, and afterward in the studios of Gérôme and Bonnat. He imbibed a love for the delineation of Eastern life, in the treatment of which he has been very successful. For several years Mr. Weeks travelled in various Eastern countries, carefully studying the manners and customs of the people, their modes of life, their architecture, and the scenery, filling his sketch-books with artistic memoranda, and firing his imagination with the spirit of the marvellous scenes in which he sojourned.

Mr. Weeks is a member of the Boston Art Club, and has exhibited works in this country, at the Paris Salon, the Paris Société des Amis des Arts, and other places. Among his pictures are "A Cup of Coffee in the Desert," "A Pilgrimage to the Jordan," "A Scene in Tangiers," "Jerusalem from the Bethany Road," "An Arab Story-Teller"—which was exhibited at the Centennial in 1876—"Alhambra Windows," "A Moorish Camel-Driver"—exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1878—"They Toil not, neither do they Spin," etc. He has never departed from his early fondness for the East, and his later works, as, for example, the one which we engrave, show a constantly increasing power in technique, and a steady growth in those qualities of imagination and perception which distinguish the true artist.

Mr. Weeks has resided in Paris for several years, making frequent visits to Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, Tangiers, and other Eastern cities. A portrait of him will be found on page 29.

THE NEW CASINO.

Something over a year ago Harper's Weekly gave an exterior view of the new Casino from the drawings of the architects, Messrs. Kimball & Wisedell. The architectural promise given by the drawings has been more than fulfilled as to the outside of the building, while the interior, of which some sketches are given in this issue, is not less interesting and successful.

The material chosen for the building was favorable to repose. The outside is virtually a monochrome in red baked clay, for the angle mullions of the Broadway elevation are almost the only stones visible. The surface, however, is relieved from monotony by the employment in the walls of alternate bands of Croton and Collaberg brick, slightly different in tint, while the terra cotta is of a still brighter tint, and the visible wood-work is painted in complementary olive. These are all excellent materials, the selected common brick having a better color and giving much more sense of texture than the costlier pressed brick, while the terra cotta is not only of good color, but is moulded with unfailing sharpness and precision, insomuch that the large band of arabesque ornament below the uppermost stages of the tower and the moulded string-courses of the front are distinct and effective from the street, although the relief does not exceed two inches.

The defects of the composition are scarcely worth mention in comparison with its excellences. The terminal pier at the southern end of the Broadway front looks slender and weak for its position, although this defect will be much mitigated, if it does not disappear altogether, when the balcony, shown in the drawings, is inserted in the tall and narrow arch next the pier, so as visibly to tie it to the main wall. The terra-cotta voussoirs of the longer flat arches have not depth enough to appear to contain the arch line, and it is evident that the real reliance for the support of the superincumbent wall is upon the inconspicuous iron lintels, the pressure upon which the relieving arches can scarcely relieve appreciably. On the other hand, the courageous experiment of exhibiting the sweep of a theatrical auditorium above a nearly rectangular base is completely successful, and the skill with which these contradictory forms have been blended, and the ellipse adjusted to the square upon which it stands, is thoroughly admirable. The detail, the motives of which have been suggested generally by the Saracenic architecture of Spain, and sometimes by that of Egypt, is uniformly well studied. Copious as is the ornament, the masses are so strong that the building nowhere seems overloaded, and so much intelligent study has been given to the ornament itself that it everywhere invites and repays study.

The interior, of which the outside is the expressive vesture, is the result of a careful study of the requirements of the plan. It is a theatre and ball-room and concert garden, with the dependencies required by each of these uses, in which the optical and acoustical necessities of the case have controlled the forms. Nothing has been sacrified to "making architecture," and consequently the interior architecture has the extremely satisfactory look of having come of itself. The flattened curve which takes the place of the conventional horseshoe line of the gallery front looks a little forced and capricious, but this is almost a solitary exception to the rule. There are a number of interesting points of arrangement, the most noteworthy of them being the garden on the roof, which gives scope for some ingenious features in the form of sheltered balconies and porches, one of which, a tiled porch, is included in the illustrations. The suspension of the orchestra above the proscenium has been introduced in former works by the authors of the Casino, but has never been developed into so important and successful a feature of the interior architecture as in this building.

In fact, it would not be easy to name an interior in New York which has been so thoroughly thought out in detail as that of the Casino, and which has so much the appearance of having been "designed all over." Moorish architecture, which the architects have not so much adopted as taken for their point of departure, contains an almost inexhaustible repertory and an endless suggestion of surface ornament, and the mine has hardly been worked at all. The only Moorish interior here which can be compared for thoroughness and skill of design with that of the Casino is the Temple Emanu-El, in Fifth Avenue, which is now some fifteen years old. That work, brilliant and successful as it is, lacks the relief which with the Moorish architects of Spain at least was always an integral element in decoration. The interior of the Casino is throughout wrought in reliefs in varying patterns executed in the material of the Moorish architects—a tough plaster. It owes no more to the Moorish work than each generation of Moorish workmen owed to its predecessors. The inspiration and the system are Moorish; the details of design are in almost every case original. Many of them are in themselves very interesting, although what is most interesting is the relation of them to each other. The relief of the arabesques varies somewhat with the scale and density of the ornament, according to size and position. It is everywhere slight, however, but everywhere sufficient to give a peculiar life and changefulness to the color applied to it—a changefulness which prevents the patterns from becoming tiresome, and gives a new aspect to every piece of decoration with each new point of view. The scale of the ornament varies greatly, from the great polygon which fills the domed centre of the ceiling to the surfaces of the lower walls, in which the unit of design is a square of only a few inches.

Moorish architecture, inexhaustible as it is as a repertory of surface decoration, does not contain all the elements needed in a modern theatre; and the architects of the Casino have not scrupled to introduce elements from other historical styles with a success that entirely justifies them. As in the Temple Emanu-El, there is a mixture of Gothic and Moorish detail. The canopies that divide the proscenium-boxes vertically are reminiscences of late French Gothic. The inverted cones that connect the stilts over the Moorish shafts with the ceiling are reminiscences of English perpendicular vaulting, and reproduce in their decoration the fan tracery of King's College Chapel at Cambridge and Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster. But these features show such an affinity with the Moorish work as to assure the spectator that the Moorish architects only did not use them because they did not know them. Rather more disputable is the introduction in the soffits of the galleries of sunken panels surrounded by prominent mouldings. These are constructively meaningless, and scarcely happy enough as decoration to make us forget that fact. But in general it is true that unity has been attained by means of these diverse elements; and that is the only rational test that can be applied to the eclecticism of a modern architect who is to produce works which can not have an exact historical parallel.

We have spoken of the color-decoration of the Casino, but blue is the only pigment that has been used with any freedom, although a dull red has been sparingly introduced in the dado of the auditorium. In place of the blue, red, and gold of the Alhambra, the walls and ceiling are covered with metallic lustres of bronze and silver and copper. The resultant tint is a pale terra-cotta, complementary to the blue, and the effect is of a sheeny softness. The combination of richness and softness, at which the architects seem to have aimed, has without doubt been attained, and of itself constitutes an unusual success in color decoration. But it is doubtful whether pigments might not, with advantage, be introduced more freely at points and lines calling for special emphasis, with the result of more sharply separating the various fields of decoration and accenting structural divisions, which are now not indeed confused, but scarcely so brought out as to give the architecture its full value in the decoration.

But it seems ungrateful to find any fault at all with a beautiful work which gives us so much pleasure, or even to suggest change in it. After one has gone over the building again and again, his surprise increases at the thoroughness with which it has been designed, and the study which has been given to every square yard of its surface. Nothing seems to have been forgotten, and nothing slurred. In such details as the pavement of the vestibule—a very effective mosaic in broken tiles—and the grills of the boxes, and the brass and glass of the chandeliers, it is as evident as in the most conspicuous features of the building that they have been thought about. This is rare praise to give a modern building, and especially a building built, as the Casino has been built, in a hurry. Its owners and its architects are to be congratulated upon having made a valuable addition to the architectural ornaments of the city. Study of it makes more incomprehensible the neglect of such a mine of detail as Moorish architecture offers, by so many of our young architects, who have forsaken it to follow the aimless vagaries of the English Renaissance.

Montgomery Schuyler.

LOVERS AT THEBES.

In the Eternal House they slept.

"How is it with thee, Princess,
Within this secret gloom?
Thy bed is set with jewels,
And crowned with lotus bloom.
By Isis and Osiris,
Thou has a glorious tomb!

"How many solemn ages
Have passed since thou wert free
To sleep within my bosom,
Or sail the Nile with me?
How it is with thee, Princess?"
"King, is it well with thee?"

"How many weary ages
Have passed us here in night?
Alas! could we but wander
Forth to the Sacred Light—
Hear Memnon speak at sunrise,
And watch the skies grow bright!"

"Nay, the great gods have ordered
That here we shall abide;
I may not doff my cerements,
Thou mayst not clasp thy bride.
Then sleep, O mighty Pharoah."
"Sleep, Princess, at my side."

Ellen M. Hutchinson.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.[*]

By F. W. Robinson,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FIVE YEARS AFTERWARD.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNSETTLED.

Miss Brake was not talking in her sleep; on the contrary, she was calm and matter-of-fact in her stern decisiveness. She spoke as if she knew, thought Kitty Vance, who accepted the assertion, and did not in any way gainsay it, although one natural question escaped her at the moment.

"Who told you?"

"I have found it out; but there are reasons why I should put you on your guard against this woman," she replied; "and you can guess them."

"I must not trust her," suggested Kitty.

"And must be watchful of her—always."

"But will she ever disclose—"

"Oh! I do not want her co-operation," cried Miss Brake, almost scornfully now, "or her evidence. It will be complete without her, and I shall face them with my proofs some day. I see it all now—to the end."

Wise woman who saw so much, and who would presumptuously shape out the workings of her little world; who saw virtue triumphant and vice overwhelmed, as by God's hand it should be; who, from her misty cloud-land, as from heaven, saw the iron hands of Justice dragging forth to the light the shivering, pitiful Cain, who had lain in ambush all this while!

"What motive could Mrs. Chadderton have had in keeping back the truth?" said Kate Vanch, musingly; "whom has she tried to screen, I wonder?"

"We shall not wonder very long," said Hester, confidently. "And now do not speak of this again to me, or to any one in this house. It's my secret, no one else's; my plan of action, not yours."

"I will try and not think of it," said Kitty. "But, oh! dear mistress, if you could set it aside too for a while! if you only would!" she entreated.

"Is it possible?"

"There have been so many dark days in your life, which I had hoped this visit would brighten—which I meant to help to brighten, thinking this would be a pleasant holiday," said Kate.

"Pleasant holiday!" echoed back Miss Brake. "I am like that strange young woman whom my brother Morris married, and there is no pleasure in the world for me. Why should there be? Why should it come to one so dissatisfied and suspicious and afflicted as I am—as I have always been, Kitty?"

"Oh, no, no; you have not."

"Pleasure is for the young—for men with money, sometimes; for girls with lovers, always," she said, musingly; "and yet what a crowd of disappointments, Kitty, comes to him who schemes, and the woman who dreams!"

Kitty looked wonderingly at her, as if this mournful musing were scarcely in her usual tone, or to be reconciled with many words and acts preceding yesterday—as if she were disposed to believe in happiness herself, and to take credit for some brighter days in store for her. For Greg loved her, as in the old bad days, but with a purer heart; and she loved Greg Dorward very faithfully. Only a few days back Miss Brake had spoken of the promise of her future, and now she seemed to warn her, although she had said that pleasure was for girls with lovers always. How did she know that unless from story-books, she who had stood apart from love and lovers all her life, thought Kitty, despising it and them, as one soured by long illness or a plain face might do with some excuse, poor thing!

There was no further conversation on this subject; when Kitty would have replied, the invalid lady raised her thin hand in protest; and the companion, trained to obedience, was silent, and silent very willingly. Presently Miss Brake closed her eyes again, and Kitty did not venture to disturb her. There were brighter thoughts for her, and the death of Morris Brake lay five years back, and had affected her at that time by the mystery surrounding it, and by her depth of sympathy for the sister's grief, rather than by any absorbing interest she had experienced herself in the young fellow struck from the life-roll.

She was almost doubtful if Miss Brake had gained any fresh intelligence, and whether this was not another phase of eccentricity on her part. That she said and did strange things at times no one knew better than Kate Vanch; she was often harsh and repellent, but more often still full of a Christian sympathy with the unfortunate of her kind, that was remarkable even in a tender-hearted woman. Hence an inconsistent female, which is a *rara avis* at all times, we trust.

Coming to Farm Forlorn had disturbed Miss Brake, thought Kitty; and as the mistress was disposed to judge by first appearances, it was possible she had disliked the look of Mrs. Chadderton. For, thought Kitty, she had done that herself, and had felt a little frightened of the housekeeper, who had so hard and strange a face, and whose deep-set eyes looked at her and her mistress so inquiringly—perhaps so unlovingly—as at intruders in a home which she had ruled with a mild despotism, but still a despotism, for more years than the new-comers were aware.

And Kitty Vanch had Greg to think about—a pleasanter subject than Mrs. Chadderton, or mystery, or murder. Here were fair memories of last night's wanderings by the sea-shore with him, of all that he had said, of more that he had implied, and her mistress's sad words did not overcloud her long. Kitty's heart was against it, the very day, with its sunshine, its birds and flowers in the garden beyond, was against it; even the drowsy hum of the bees spoke of calm content and honey-gathering; and the young girl's heart was full of gratitude for the great change in her life. Bolter's Rents lay further back to her than to Greg Dorward; she could scarcely believe now in the reality, it was all so distant and obscure, so hideous and unreal—an enigma, a wild dream. She had been one of the many wholly despaired of; she remained one of the few who had gone steadily upward, looking neither to the right nor the left. Yes, John Woodhatch, clumsy philanthropist as he had been, had done good service here; he thought so himself, as though the work was done for good, and he had never heard in all his life that it was in humankind to err.

"What are you thinking of, Kate?" came the sharp voice of Hester Brake upon Kate's ears at last.

"I—I hardly know."

"You were smiling—almost laughing."

"Was I? I am very sorry," answered Kitty, in good faith, and with no satirical intent in her apology.

"You have nothing to be sorry for. I am glad you are happy already," Hester said, rising. "Let us walk in the garden for a little while; this room is very stifling."

"I will fetch your bonnet."

"No, this will do," and very quickly Miss Brake twisted a white handkerchief over her head, and without much regard to the effect which such an extempore covering might give to her personal appearance.

"The sunshades too," added Kate.

"Trees are the best sunshades," answered the mistress; "and there is a seat under that big apple-tree yonder, is there not?"

"Yes."

"Let us go there, Kate. It will be cooler than in the house."

Miss Brake's wish was a command; and offering her arm to the delicate woman, Kate Vanch escorted her mistress into the garden which stretched round Farm Forlorn—a fine expanse of flowers and fruit trees and grass-plat, from which innumerable standards rich with roses sprang and flourished.

"It is a fair picture," said Hester Brake, when they were seated under the apple-tree, and were looking across the lawn at the long length of farm-house, with its latticed windows blinking in the sun. "Why did he call it Farm Forlorn, as if he had foreknowledge of the misery to come?"

"It was called Farm Forlorn before his time, I have heard him say."

"Oh yes; I had forgotten," said Hester. "I remember Morris being full of a legend that the old house stood alone here years and years ago, and the sea came closer to its walls. It was a smuggler's hiding-place in those old days; it is a murderer's now."

"Do you think the murderer is there, then?" said Kitty, in a low tone—"still living in the place?"

"I do not say that, exactly. Who can tell? Speak of something else, Kate," she said, techily; "you have had enough of my misery to-day. Tell me of your younger thoughts."

"What will they be, I wonder?" replied Kitty, not wondering very much, for all that. "I have had so much to think about since I came."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Miss Brake, absently.

"Do you think Mr. Woodhatch will ever marry, madam?" asked Kitty, somewhat irrelevantly, and for the sake of starting an entirely new subject for discussion.

Hester Brake started, and turned toward her companion to see for herself—and if it were possible—whether there was any covert meaning in the question. But the frank, clear eyes were sufficient evidence of fairness.

"What a question, Kate! Why should *I* think of it?"

"It has often seemed to me so great a pity."

"What has?" came the sharp inquiry at this too.

"So great a pity, I mean, that he should have remained a single man all his life—he so good and honest and earnest, so deserving of—of—"

"Of a termagant or a fool to sit by his fireside and worry him. Is that what you mean?" asked Hester Brake, who was certainly hard to please on any subject that bright afternoon.

"Not exactly. Why should it be either of the two?"

"He would go to extremes—from Lucy Brake, a good-looking simpleton at best—"

"Oh, madam!"

"I think so—for she was romantic, and made a hero out of Morris, and we know what poor Morris was. From Lucy Brake," she continued, "John Woodhatch would pass to the other extreme, and marry a scold, if he took to himself a wife now."

"I don't see—"

"And you don't know, Kate, and all this is speculative maundering which tries my temper not a little," she said; "but I am in a fretful mood to-day. Bear with me, please. I shall want your help, true friend—and soon."

"Trust me," answered Kate Vanch, very readily.

"As you will trust me—always?" said Miss Brake.

"Yes."

"Hating me never—under any circumstances?" she asked, very anxiously.

"Oh, never, Miss Hester—never!"

"Remember that," she said; "remember you have promised that."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LOVERS.

Hester Brake and her young companion had not sat long in the garden ground of Farm Forlorn before Greg Dorward came across the lawn toward them.

Kate, who first saw him advancing, gave a little start of joyful surprise, and said:

"Here he is. I thought he would not be long."

"So this is he," said Miss Brake, in a lower tone. "How strange it seems that I see him for the first time, having heard of him so much!"

"Strange to me too that this should seem like the beginning of a new life."

"It is the beginning," answered the mistress. "How it will end, Kate, it is not for you, or me, or *him* to guess."

Kate turned quickly to her, and Miss Brake added, almost bitterly:

"It is for John Woodhatch, the wise master, who regulates Greg Dorward's life, and sees it keeps step with your own. Introduce me—he is here."

Greg was close upon them now. He raised his hat as he advanced, and with an easy grace, indicative almost of an inborn courtesy.

"And this man comes from the prison and the reformatory!" muttered Miss Brake; "yes, it is remarkable."

"Kitty," said Greg, shaking hands with his fiancée, "I am sorry I was not here at the time of your arrival. May I say welcome to you, if a little behind time with my greeting?"

"Yes—thank you," said Kitty; then she turned to her companion and added, "This is Mr. Dorward, Miss Hester. Greg, this is my true and tried friend Miss Brake, whom you know by report very well."

"Whom I hope to know better by the honor of a personal acquaintance," said Greg, with a low bow.

Hester Brake bowed low in response, but did not offer to shake hands with him, as under all the circumstances Greg thought she would have done. She regarded him very intently—Greg thought almost rudely—and said,

"Have we not met before?"

"Oh no."

"Your voice seems familiar to me," said Hester Brake, thinking perhaps of the last night's meeting, wherein Greg had flattered himself that he had well disguised his organ of speech.

"No, Miss Brake, I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before," said Greg, who amidst his manifold accomplishments certainly possessed the art of lying with facility and frankness.

"It is always a matter of interest to me to meet any one who has known my brother Morris," she said, speaking very slowly. "Sometimes I hope to obtain from one or another of his past acquaintances a clew to the mystery of his death. I do not despair."

"It is a mystery which, in my own small way, I have endeavored to solve, Miss Brake," said Greg, politely but gravely, as befitted the solemnity of the subject.

"And without result?" she added.

"Without much result—at present."

"Oh! then you have a clew, perhaps—an idea—a theory," she said; "your living here so long, knowing Morris so well, has—"

"Pardon me, but I knew very little of your brother. I came here as a youth, and within two days afterward he was murdered. We had not exchanged a dozen words together, I should say; I was a boy, he was a man."

"Mr. Dorward, I have not come to the farm to oppress everybody in it with what disturbs my mind terribly," she said, by way of explanation. "After to-day, I may not allude to my brother's death again, whatever I may think or do. But coming here for the first time in my life has, Kate will tell you, very much unsettled me, and the old sad business rises up again. I have been told by Mr. Woodhatch you are a singularly acute and clever young man—"

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"Mr. Woodhatch is too kind; he flatters me too much," said Greg, with a deprecating manner, and laughing a little even, though he did not take his eyes from Miss Brake, whose earnestness interested him.

"And doubtless you are clever," continued Hester, without heeding his interruption, "or Mr. Woodhatch would not give you so good a character. Will you tell me your idea as to the motive for my brother's murder—and then the subject shall not be mentioned between us again."

"I have no fixed idea; the mystery was too complete," Greg replied. "I can only imagine some long, desperate grudge against him, or—"

He paused for a moment, and then went on:

"—or some one profiting very much by his death, and in a way that is not yet clear to us. Had he been rich, had his death meant riches to another, there would have been a motive, which seems wholly lacking now."

"Yes," said Hester Brake, very thoughtfully, "had he been rich! and the person or persons benefiting by his decease would have incurred your suspicion?"

"They would, I think."

"They would be—they are—Lucy Brake and myself, then," said Hester. "My father died in Paris, a rich man; his money passes presently to Morris's wife and child, and to me, the sole surviving daughter of Julian Brake."

"Oh, I was not aware of this," said Greg, "and of course I should exempt—"

"Probably you would," she said, not waiting for him to complete his sentence; "and as neither Morris nor I knew of my father's position—for he had deserted us when we were children—the question of money could not have affected Morris's death. The motive was revenge."

"Had he any enemies?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Brake thinks he had not an enemy in the world," said Greg.

"Lucy Brake can not tell friends from enemies," said Hester, rising, "and her poor idea of the world is limited to Skegs Shore."

Kitty rose with her mistress, but Miss Brake said, quickly:

"Stay here, Kitty. You would like to talk to Mr. Dorward, and the heat is too great here for me. I would prefer to be alone."

"Very well, madam."

She had come into the fresh air complaining of the heat of the house; she was going back to the house with a protest against the closeness of the outer atmosphere—evidently a woman hard to please. Kitty had made a movement to escort her, as usual, but she had waved her back almost impatiently, and then had crossed the lawn. As she entered the house through the open French window by which she had passed from it, Greg sat down by the side of his betrothed, looked at her, and laughed.

"A trifle eccentric, I should say," he remarked.

"But a good, earnest, honest lady always, Greg," added Kitty.

"Ah! very likely; but has she come here to talk of murder?" asked Greg; "is the death of her brother always in her thoughts like this? If so, what a cheerful companion she has been to you all these five long years, Kitty!"

"She has seldom spoken to me of her brother."

"Something has disturbed her lately?"

"Her visit to this house, I think," said Kitty; "but I don't know—I can't say."

"And it is not worth while speculating upon it, Kitty," he replied; "it affects neither your life nor mine, and we are a young couple emerging out of the shade. Guess where I have been this afternoon."

"To Bleathorpe?"

"Why, how do you know?"

Kitty laughed pleasantly at his surprise.

"Mr. Woodhatch told me you had ridden over there," she explained.

"Did he tell you what for?"

"No."

"Ah! there's the rub," cried Greg, "and that's like his generous self. Upon my soul, after all, there never was but one John Woodhatch."

"You think so?"

"I do. I am only sorry, Kitty, that his schemes are often so wild, so full of little mysteries and surprises, so grand in design, but often so impossible to realize, so full of complications to the very end," he said, a little ruefully.

"But in the end turning out so well sometimes," added Kitty.

"Not very often; but in our case, a complete success. Is it not?"

"How should I know?" rejoined Kitty, in her natural brisk manner.

"Everything was against you and me—and yet, here we are, Darby and Joan."

"And what did Darby want at Bleathorpe?" asked Kitty, archly.

"To see the farm which has been taken for us there, our new home, which John Woodhatch places at my disposal, which I am to pay for some day—any day—so that I may not feel too dependent on him now. As if I were not dependent on him for my very life, Kitty, as it is to-day!"

"I am glad you are grateful, Greg," said Kitty, "that you see this man, our benefactor, as I have seen him for myself—a something more than man to me, whom I do not understand, he is so much above me and beyond me."

"This is enthusiasm, Kitty," said Greg; "but I don't blame your warm heart for it, although I don't think John Woodhatch quite faultless. If he were, I should love him all the less."

"What should we have been, you and I, Greg," said Kitty, in a low voice, "without John Woodhatch?"

"Yes," said Greg, looking down, "that's it."

His face changed, and was strangely moved, almost distorted; but it was only for an instant, although Kitty Vanch had perceived it, and wondered at the emotion or pain—she was doubtful which—that had affected him. He was very quick to recover, to become a different Greg—a ready-witted, sharp, humorous young fellow, pleased with himself and her, and with the prospect stretching out before them, the reward for diligence and faith and obedience, implicit obedience, to John Woodhatch. They were more like sweethearts than they had been yesternight; they were more like old friends, with perfect confidence between them, and love, not greatly demonstrative, but lying like a jewel at the bottom of their hearts. They did not speak of the past again, but always of the future. The past was surely dead, and hidden under withered leaves which no adverse wind could stir now. This was a new Greg Dorward, thought Kitty, and yet something like the old—something like him in his acute perception of surroundings, in his total want of fear, in his courage to confront opposition. He was sanguine of his future; he believed in his advancement; he spoke lightly, almost defiantly, of the difficulties in the way of his success; he was in the highest and best of spirits.

John Woodhatch came toward them while they sat there.

"So you two together at last," he said, heartily, "just as in the picture I have painted."

"Greg has told you we met by accident last night," Kitty hastened to remark.

"Yes; Greg keeps nothing back, and I have forgiven both of you for stealing a march upon me," replied John Woodhatch; and then turning to Greg, he added, "Well, does Bleathorpe please you?"

"Yes, sir, very much."

"You will do well there. It's a little farm, but it is a beginning, and everybody has prospered at Tolland's Farm, Greg. So you two together at last!" he said again, and this time with more exultation; "and the life began so desperately, and with such surroundings, ending very peacefully."

"Thanks to you," murmured Kitty—"to you alone, sir."

"Both repentant," he continued; "both meeting again with new and contrite hearts, with hearts full of hope, and both so young still. It was right I should plan for this as the best thing; the only thing I could do for my poor waifs."

Yes, he was very sure it was for the best, and it was satisfactory for him to consider he was sometimes right in his judgment, and not always blundering in the dark. "What will that old skeptic Alec Larcom say to this now?" thought John Woodhatch—he who had for some years prophesied the folly of it all.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER I.

IN GOOD SPIRITS.

To most of the characters of our story there seemed peaceful days at Farm Forlorn after Miss Brake and her companion had "settled down." There were those amongst them believing in the better days now, John Woodhatch and Kate Vanch especially; there were others hopeful, and one or two who saw only the treacherous calm before the storm, and were prepared for the oncoming tempest and the rage of the black night.

Still all was outwardly very peaceful, and they were talking of a marriage in a few weeks, when the young folk thoroughly understood each other; and, added John Woodhatch jestingly, "when the harvest was all in and he had more time to attend to 'life's frivolities.'"

Miss Brake had said no more about her brother, but had assumed her usual manner, and was often companionable and chatty, and very much like an ordinary middle-aged lady who is ailing and crotchety and in a state of single blessedness. It was only when she was alone, or thought she was alone, that her face took grave shadows to itself, and the dark, deep-set eyes seemed looking straight ahead of her as at a something in the distance which dismayed her as a spectre might have done standing in the gray dimness of another world and looking from it toward her.

Mrs. Chadderton had noticed these moods—no one else: but then Mrs. Chadderton was a woman exceedingly observant. The man who had been murdered had been known to say of her that "she was as watchful as a cat"; and certain it was that very little passing at Farm Forlorn escaped her vigilance, as a rule.

Still it was a place where those in authority had a right to watch, where it was part of the duty of all trusty subordinates. They were a fair average of quiet men and women in service there at that time, and our story does not touch upon them or their actions; but they were people chosen by John Woodhatch, and brought from various strange places, hard and stony atoms of humanity, who would have gone speedily to the bottom of the gulf without his helping hand and generous encouragement. He was a persevering man, whom failure had not daunted; he had been discouraged very often, he had owned his failures, he had experienced much ingratitude, but his heart had never wholly failed him; and there had always been some little sign, some little green blades peeping up from arid soil to reward this strange man for his work. It was his life's task, and he did not flag by the way; and here was his duty, salutary always, if distressing at times.

And whether successful or a failure, most of these men and women loved him, and seemed very quickly to understand him. Bad as some might be in themselves, he was the master ever them, striving to make them better, and even the despairing, the irreclaimable, in drifting from him and his help, would cry, "God bless you, sir!" before they were swept away down the dark stream, away from their last chance.

In the calmness—may we not say the false security?—of this present time, sat John Woodhatch late one summer's evening in the parlor of Farm Forlorn. Supper had been over half an hour or more, but he had lingered with his guests, and somewhat contrary to his general rule. It was a warm night, with the moonlight streaming on the sea and fen-land lying beyond the farm, and close to the open window facing him sat Hester Brake, almost buried in the big arm-chair which her host had always insisted upon her occupying, and despite her protest at being considered an invalid, from the day of her arrival. At her feet lay Carlo—a dog who had grown a little old, but was still strong and of service, and who had evinced much gratitude for the attention he had lately received from her—and in the background playing draughts sat the engaged couple, happy enough to all outward seeming—happy, one of them at least, in the reality.

Miss Brake had glanced toward them once or twice, as if deeply interested in their movements, and John Woodhatch, smoking his long clay pipe—his one indulgence after work was over for the day—glanced more than once at her.

Suddenly she caught his gaze, leaned toward him slowly, and touched his hand.

"I wish you were not so proud of your work, John," she said, earnestly, "not so sure of its being for the best."

"This coming marriage?" he said, in the same low tone which she had adopted.

"Yes."

"You have thought with me for some years that it was best. You have been one of the few to encourage the visionary," he said, smiling.

"What a time that seems ago—ages!"

"Don't you like Greg on further acquaintance with him?" he asked, curiously.

"I am hard to please, John," was the evasive answer, "and I see—"

"Well?" he said as she paused.

"And I see disappointment may come to you—and them," she concluded. "They are strange lives, after all, and you should be prepared for strange actions to occur."

"Have you anything to tell me?" he asked.

"Not about them," said Miss Brake; "something about myself and others, if you will listen."

"Proceed, Hester."

"I don't mean to pretend to listen and be staring over my head or shoulder at something a hundred miles away—as you do sometimes," she said.

"Do I?" he said, laughing now. "Well, that is very rude of me. Now I am all attention."

"I made my will to-day, John," she said in a lower voice—"a practical and business-like will."

"Without a lawyer?"

"And without much to leave at present," added Miss Brake; "but then there are expectations, and I may be a rich woman before the week is out."

"You have had news from abroad to tell you this?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you."

"I don't want to be congratulated upon becoming a rich woman," she answered, peevishly, "and I don't want you to ask me how I have left my money—though I will tell you, if you like."

"No, I don't want to know. I think I can guess," he said, looking toward Kate Vanch.

"You never guessed right in your life; you are a gigantic mistake, John," she said, still acrimoniously.

"Very well. Then I will not attempt to guess or to argue, only to say this, though," he added, "that if you have forgotten Kitty or your brother's widow—"

"*She* will be rich enough," said Hester, quickly, at this—"rich as myself."

"—or Alec Larcom—"

"Why, you are dictating to me what to do," cried Miss Brake, "and when it is done already."

"Just allow me to finish," said John, good-temperedly. "I say, if you have forgotten these, or been foolish enough to pitch your money at me, it will be a dead failure."

"And suppose I have pitched it all at you?"

"Then I shall divide it after my own fashion, never touching a penny of it myself."

Miss Brake shrugged her shoulders.

"Why should I bequeath money to a man who is already well off," she said, "and who would be sure to misapply it—who would only surround himself with more offscourings of the jails, and risk his life that way, as Morris's was risked—and lost?"

"There! there! let us change the subject."

"Take care of my will, then—will you?"

And Miss Brake drew a long envelope, sealed with black wax, from the pocket of her dress, and almost pitched it at him. John Woodhatch caught it adroitly, looked at the superscription a little critically, and then put it in the side pocket of his coat.

"I will lock it in my iron safe upstairs along with my own will," he said.

"Thank you."

"You are a prudent woman, Hester; one of the few women strong-minded enough to make a will, and not leave everything afterward at sixes and sevens," he said, "for friends and relatives to fight about."

"I have made a dozen wills in my time; I have never flattered myself I am going to live long," she replied, "and I am a weakly woman, with nothing to live for."

"Well, for that matter, what are you going to die for?" asked John Woodhatch, bluntly.

Miss Brake did not answer at once. She sat there very still, and with her gaze directed into the dark garden. Presently she said,

"You are in excellent spirits to-night."

"I feel in good spirits, as if life were less dark and oppressive," he replied; "I feel younger even."

"Why is that?"

"I don't know. There are young people about me, in my home," he said; "perhaps that's it."

"Have you seen Lucy Brake lately?" asked Hester.

"Well, yes, I have;" and John Woodhatch blushed at the inquiry, and the lady facing him saw he was blushing. "Why do you ask?"

"I fancied she might be the reason of your wonderful spirits."

"Probably," said Woodhatch, thoughtfully. "She and her father think of joining us in a few days; I have persuaded them at last."

"Oh! I see. And when shall Kate and I make room for them?"

"You will both remain, of course," he answered; "there is plenty of room at the farm. Besides, I want you all here together—to feel surrounded by my friends who are presently to witness Greg's marriage with Kate."

"Lucy is more strong-minded than I thought to come to this place," said Hester Brake; "and I admire her courage."

"It has pleasant associations for her as well," replied John Woodhatch. "Her husband was happy here, and loved her here, and this was like home to her."

"Would you make it a home for her now if she would have you for a second husband, John?" asked Miss Brake, unceremoniously.

"Willingly," he said, looking her in the face as she leaned forward to watch the result upon him of her bold questioning.

"It is the old love, then, as strong and as foolish as ever," she said.

"It is the one love of my life. I have never thought to disguise it. I have always told you the exact truth of it."

"Ay—yes," said Hester Brake, with a long inward sigh, which he did not hear. "And when does she come?"

"Oh, it is not exactly settled; it is only half a promise," he replied. "Soon, I hope."

"Not yet, I hope," whispered Hester Brake almost to herself, although he heard the words and marvelled at them. "Not yet!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SURPRISE.

DID no one ever long to see a face
  With such intensity of strong desire
That their swift soul went seeking it through space,
  In eager restlessness that naught could tire?

Then, one good day, lo! at the open door,
  The face was there—a glad and sweet surprise—
And they with kisses touched it o'er and o'er,
  Catching fresh love from the bright bending eyes.

Did no one ever for a voice so long
  That they were aching with a listening pain,
Then start to hear it shedding sudden song
  And sweet glad laughter through their home again?

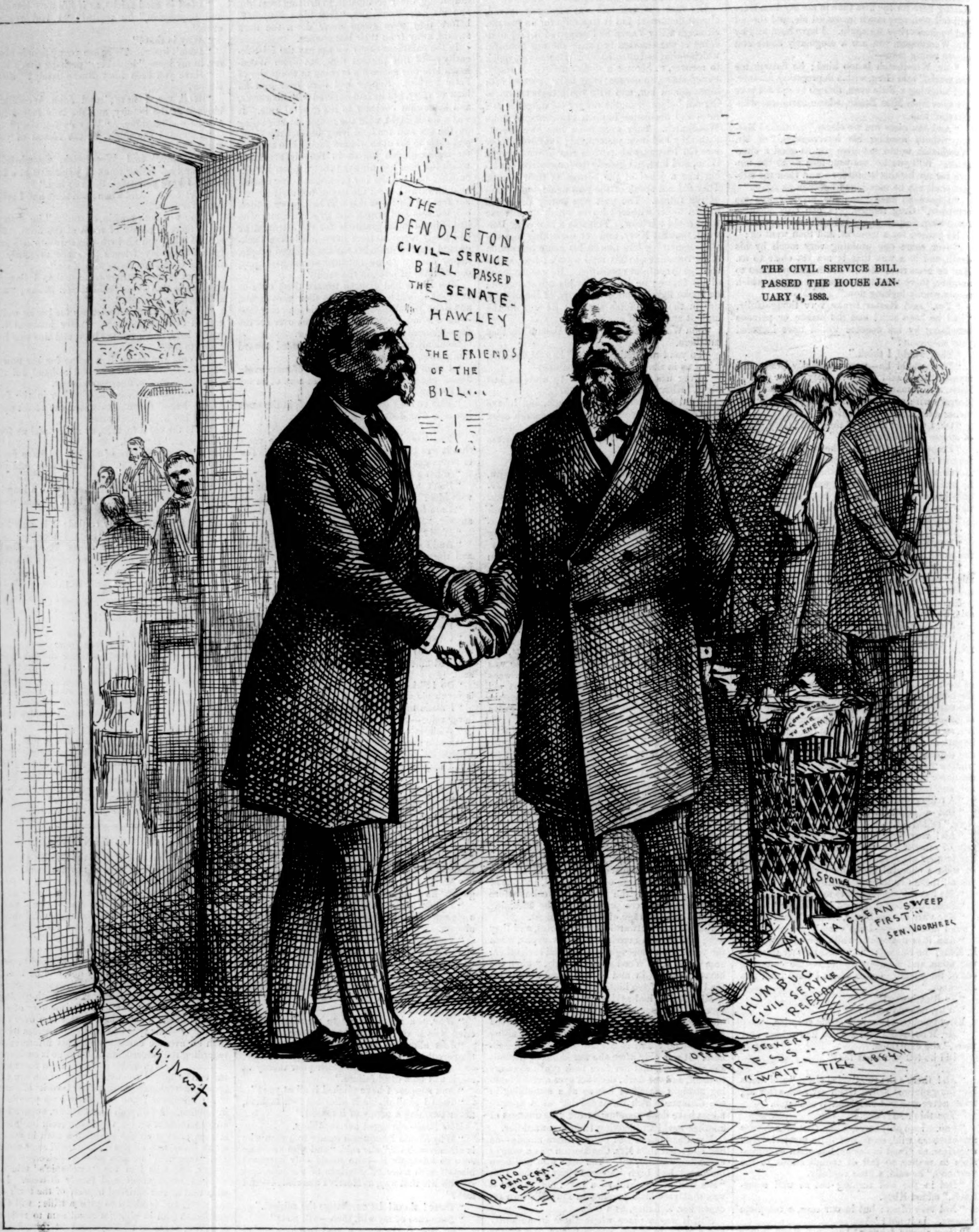
The angels of our lives, who sentinel
  Our hearts and homes and ways with guardian eyes,
Rarely to those who watch a joy foretell;
  For they delight in giving sweet surprise.

LONDON SWINDLERS.

ONE of the many dodges of the English sharper is tried on retired military or naval officers. The swindler, says *Chambers's Journal*, sends a letter recalling some reminiscence of mutual service in an army corps or on board a man-of-war a number of years ago. He mentions his vivid recollection of these happy days, and hints that he has not been overfortunate in worldly affairs. He has been security for a friend, who has failed to meet the bill, which he himself has had to pay. The last installment is nearly due, and he is still eight or ten pounds short, while the consequences will be serious if the money is not forth-coming. Can he presume so far upon the memory of old times as to ask a small loan to tide him over the difficulty? This type of swindler possesses more than an average education, and his information regarding the antecedents of his dupe is curiously accurate. It is probably gathered from some old tar or discharged soldier, many of whom are extremely garrulous regarding their favorite officers.

An ingenious fraud has lately been practiced in London. A tall, well-dressed man, apparently a city merchant on his way home from business, is seen talking on the street to a man in workman's dress, who carries a basket and some tools. The "merchant" accosts some well-dressed passenger, and tells him the "mechanic's" tale of want of employment and family distress. He adds that he has satisfied himself of the truth of the story, and is about to give a trifle; will the gentleman join in giving a small sum to relieve deserving necessity? The apparent respectability of the voucher often succeeds where a common begging petition would fail, and the person accosted generally gives something. A gentleman who had given a small sum saw both swindlers issue from a public-house some time after. Of course on seeing him they decamped.

A clever dodge has lately come to light, which shows how thoroughly the swindler understood those on whom he was to operate, and forms a curious commentary on the relations between servants and tradesmen. A man having the appearance of a gentleman's servant called on several tradesmen in a fashionable part of London, asking them to come to a certain house for orders for different classes of goods, at the same time throwing out a suggestion that a small gratuity for himself would be acceptable, and might not be lost by the tradesman in a distribution of further orders. In a number of instances small sums were given; but when the shop-men attended at the place named they found their services were not required, and that the small fees had flowed into the pocket of some clever rascal.


THE PENDLETON CIVIL-SERVICE BILL PASSED THE SENATE. HAWLEY LED THE FRIENDS OF THE BILL...
THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL PASSED THE HOUSE JANUARY 4, 1883.
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SPOILS
"A CLEAN SWEEP FIRST." SEN. VOORHEES
HUMBUG CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
OFFICE-SEEKERS PRESS. "WAIT TILL 1884"
OHIO DEMOCRATIC PRESS.
Th: Nast.

ALL HONOR TO SENATOR PENDLETON.

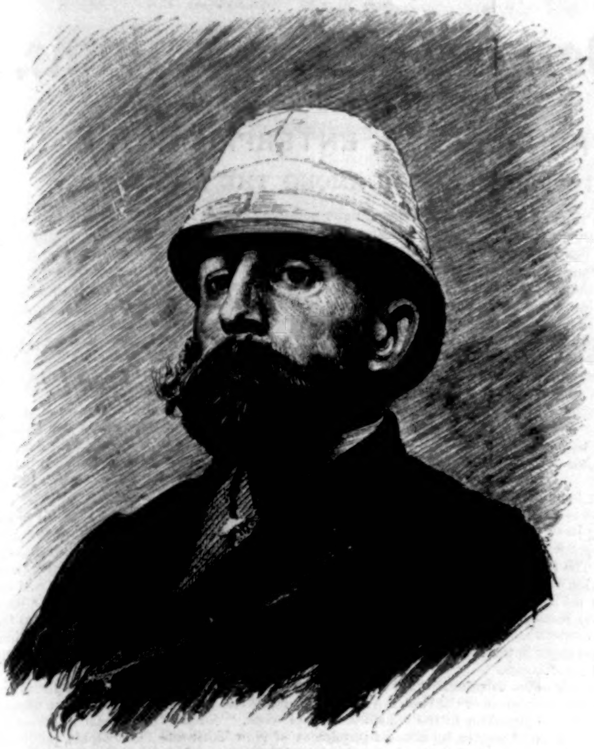
PENDLETON TO HAWLEY (*in strict confidence*). "I thank you for your help and congratulations, but find myself in a peculiar position. Your party supports me, while my party gives me the cold shoulder."

THE REV. TITUS M. COAN, D.D.

THIS remarkable man, whose death occurred at his home in Hilo, Sandwich Islands, on December 1, was one of the oldest missionaries in point of service rendered that ever bore the cross to heathen lands. He had served in the Sandwich Islands as a missionary almost without intermission for a period of nearly forty-eight years, and he was regarded by the natives with a feeling of affection and veneration. The venerable missionary was attacked by a severe stroke of paralysis on September 16 last. He rallied from this attack, and became so much improved that he was able to take daily exercise in the open air up to the very day of his death. His funeral services were held on the morning of Sunday, December 3, in the native church at Hilo, the services being conducted in both the Hawaiian and English languages. He was in his eighty-second year at the time of his death.

In his interesting account of a visit to the Sandwich Islands in 1873, Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF gives the following pleasant sketch of the life and work of Dr. COAN:

"And in Hilo, when you go to visit the volcano, you will find Dr. COAN, one of the brightest and loveliest spirits of them all, the story of whose life in the remote island whose apostle he was is as wonderful and as touching as that of any of the earlier apostles, and shows what great works unyielding faith and love can do in redeeming a savage people. When Dr. and Mrs. COAN came to the island of Hawaii its shores and woods were populous, and through their labors thousands of men and women were instructed in the truths of Christianity, inducted into civilized habits of life, and finally brought into the Church. As you sail along the green coast of Hawaii from its northern point to Hilo, you will be surprised at the number of quaint little white churches which mark the distances almost with the regularity of mile-stones; if, later, you ride through this district or the one south of Hilo, you will see that for every church there is also a school-house; you will see native children reading and writing as well as our own at home; you may hear them singing tunes familiar in our own Sunday-schools; you will see the native man and woman sitting down to read their newspaper at the close of day; and if you could talk with them, you would find they knew almost as much about our late war as you do, for they took an intense interest in the war of the rebellion. And you must remember that when, less than forty years ago, Dr. and Mrs. COAN came to Hilo, the people were naked savages, with no church and but one school-house in the district, without printed books or knowledge of reading. They flocked to hear the Gospel. Thousands removed from a distance to Hilo, where, in their rapid way, they built up a large town, and kept up surely the strangest 'protracted meeting' ever held; and going back to their homes after many months, they took with them



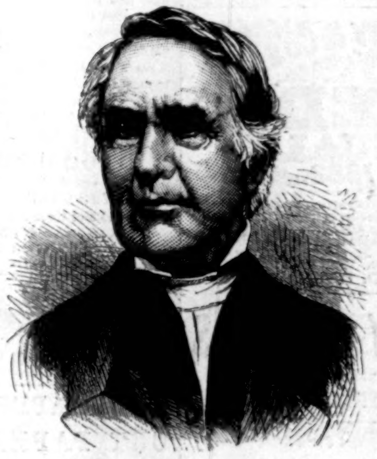
EDWIN LORD WEEKS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCHARD.—[SEE PAGE 25.]

knowledge and zeal to build up Christian churches and schools of their own. Over these Dr. COAN has presided these many years, not only preaching regularly on Sundays and during the week in the large native church at Hilo, and in two or three neighboring churches, but visiting the more distant churches at intervals, to examine and instruct the members, and keep them all on the right track. He has seen a region very populous when he first came to it decrease until it has now many more deserted and ruined house-places than inhabited dwellings; but also he has seen a great population turned from darkness to light, a great part of it following his own blameless and loving life as an example, and very many living to old age steadfast and zealous Christians."

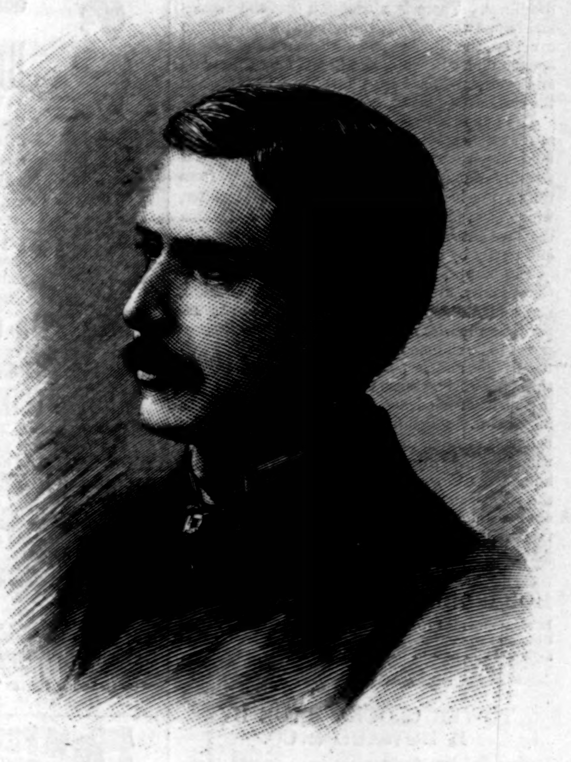
SPEAKER CHAPIN.

THE gentleman from Kings County who has just been chosen Speaker of the Lower House of the New York Legislature is among the youngest of those who have held that distinguished place. Senator PITTS, of Orleans, was Speaker in 1867 at the age of twenty-eight; the present incumbent is less than thirty-five. He was born at South Hadley, Massachusetts, March 8, 1848, and belongs to an old and honored family, whose ancestry in the Connecticut Valley can be traced back more than two hundred and fifty years. After attending various public and private schools he was admitted to Williams College in 1865, from which institution he graduated in the class of 1869. After leaving college Mr. CHAPIN studied for two years at the Harvard Law School, graduating in 1871, in which year he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar. He was admitted to the New York bar in 1872, and immediately began the practice of his profession in this city, taking up his residence in the Seventh Ward of Brooklyn. He is a director in the Manhattan Beach Improvement Company. His politics have always been Democratic, but he never until the fall of 1881 allowed his name to be used in connection with a public office. He was then chosen to the Assembly over FREDERICK HEEG, his Republican opponent, in a district previously very largely Republican, by a majority of nearly 1200. In the Assembly of last year he made a most creditable reputation, having been chairman of the special committee to investigate insurance receiverships, and a member of the Judiciary Committee. He was re-elected in the last election, receiving 9181 votes against 5553 cast for his opponent. He was chosen Speaker by a vote of 84 to 41.

Mr. CHAPIN is described by the New York *Herald* as being tall and slim, with a pale, impassive face, regular features, and jet-black hair. He has a cool, quiet, imperturbable manner, and gives the impression that nothing less than an earthquake or the explosion of a ton of dynamite would disturb his equipoise. He talks in an under-tone, with slowness, precision, and deliberation, and appears to weigh his words carefully before giving them utterance. While his face is not full, neither is it thin, but long and oval and fairly well rounded. He has an intellectual, student-like appearance, and his habitual expression is one of gravity and great decorum.



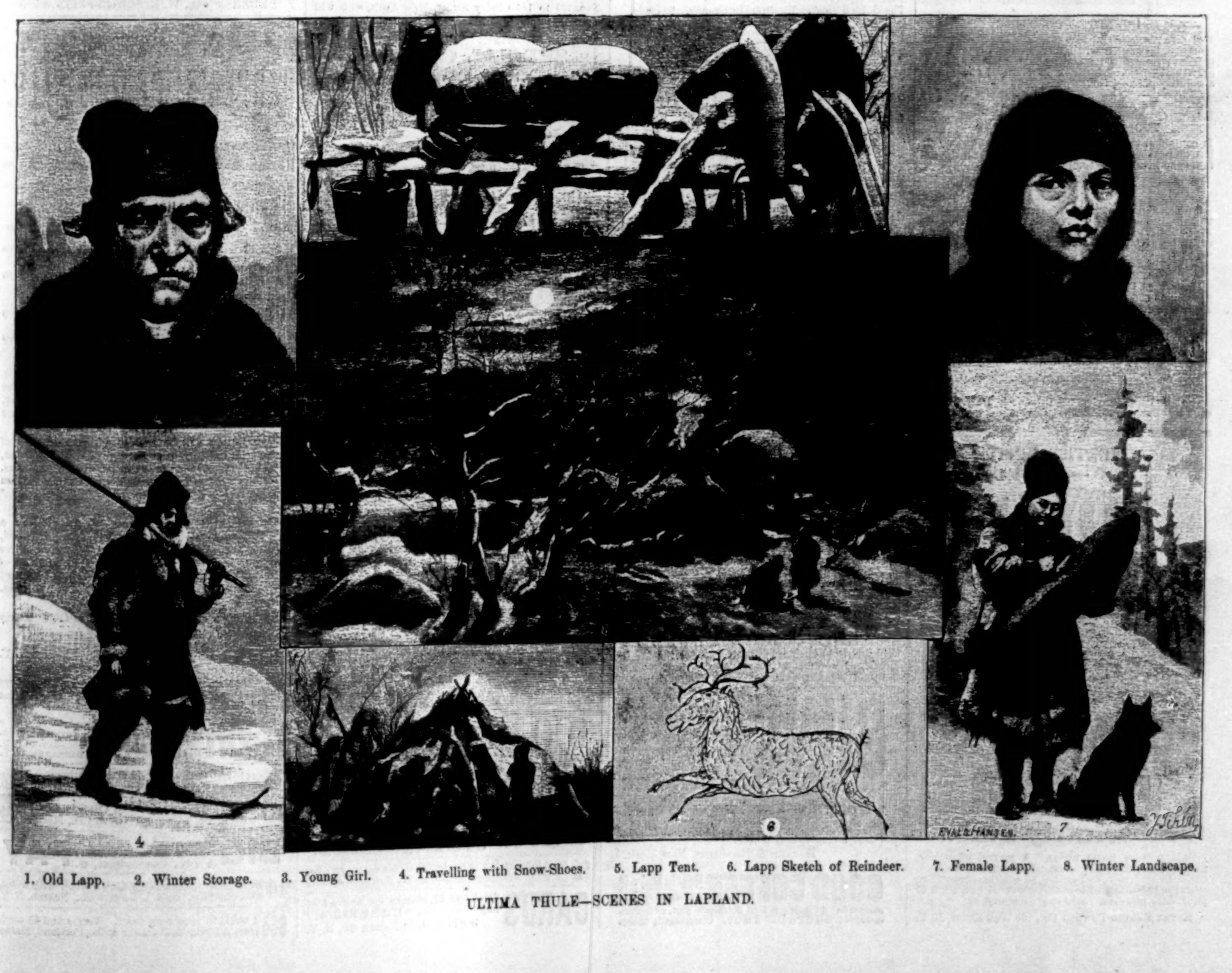
THE REV. T. M. COAN, D.D.



THE HON. ALFRED C. CHAPIN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

ULTIMA THULE.

STRETCHING along the coast of the Arctic Ocean from the Atlantic to the White Sea, lies the barren and forbidding country known as Lapland, inhabited by a semi-barbarous race of men, hardy and courageous. In personal appearance the Lapp is inferior to the Finn, having a large head, short neck, small grayish eyes, long thin legs, and projecting abdomen, the latter the result of improper or insufficient food. Like the Finn, he lives by fishing and hunting. A very interesting account of a visit to these people is given in PAUL DU CHAILLU'S *Land of the Midnight Sun*. He found them frank and simple, but not very pleasant to live with, on account of their exceedingly primitive habits and rude



1. Old Lapp. 2. Winter Storage. 3. Young Girl. 4. Travelling with Snow-Shoes. 5. Lapp Tent. 6. Lapp Sketch of Reindeer. 7. Female Lapp. 8. Winter Landscape.

ULTIMA THULE—SCENES IN LAPLAND.

dwellings. There is a tradition that the Swedes and Lapps were originally brothers; when a storm came on, the Swedes put up a board and sought shelter under it, while the Lapps took to a tent; and ever since the Lapps have lived in tents and the Swedes in houses.

The Lapps have been driven northward by their southern neighbors into the bleak and barren land which they now inhabit. Their number is steadily though slowly decreasing, partly from the terrible hardships of life in the severe winter, which lasts for nine months, during two of which they are entirely deprived of the light of the sun, and partly by emigration to milder climates.

The Lapps, although nominally converted to Christianity, are still prone to forms of heathenism and old superstitions. They believe in supernaturally wise men, called noaids, who are supposed to be the mediums between the human and the Divine, and to possess unlimited power over the spirit world. Some of these noaids are skilled in sleight of hand, and by their tricks are able to impose on the credulity of the people. They are believed to have the power of selling favorable winds to fishermen, and securing good luck to hunters. They are also the "medicine men" of the Lapps, and share with the picture of the Madonna, which is to be found in every household, their religious reverence.

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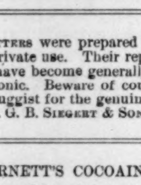

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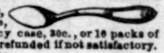

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50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, **10c.** SNOW & CO., Meriden, Ct.

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40 New (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

YOU WILL FIND NEW AND INTERESTING INFORMATION

Scattered through The Frank Siddalls Soap Advertisement every week it appears.

In our last advertisement we told you what Madame Demorest, Judge Tourgée, *The Detroit Free Press*, and the *N. Y. Witness* think of The Frank Siddalls Soap. This week we present a few more opinions.

THE Chicago Western Rural

The champion of the farmer's rights and his protector against bogus advertisers, says:—

That Frank Siddall will do as he advertises, that The Frank Siddalls Soap has really wonderful merit, and that it should be tried by every farmer and farmer's wife throughout the land.

THE N. Y. Christian at Work

(A leading New York undenominational paper; a standard of moral and religious literature)

Strongly backs the claims made for The Frank Siddalls Soap as being the finest Soap of modern times:—*The Christian at Work* was the first paper in the great metropolis to editorially endorse every one of its various claims.

The Philadelphia Times (McCLURE'S TIMES)

(An Authority on politics throughout the United States, and the leading —Reform Journal of Philadelphia)—

Endorses in its columns —Frank Siddall—Frank Siddalls Soap— and Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and all the claims made in this advertisement.

THE BOSTON PILOT

One of the most valuable advertising mediums in New England, with a circulation exceeding that of any other Catholic Journal in the United States and an authority throughout America and Europe, says:—

The announcements of The Frank Siddalls Soap are a welcome addition to the columns of "The Pilot," as it is one of the few advertised articles that comes fully up to every claim made for it, and every man and woman should give it a trial.

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that **it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White if put away for years!
The Soap Positively guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, remember that with
The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water are enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove **the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag** dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use the Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or—Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

—FOR HOUSE-CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paint, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass; while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant thing for this purpose that can be used.

For Washing Bed-clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, **its ingredients being so pure and mild.**

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—**but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.**

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last longer, **and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

IT IS ELEGANT for washing Printers' Rollers, for washing the Ink from Type, Electrotypes, etc., and for washing Printing Ink from the hands.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the **Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—*one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.*

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other Soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.
For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

Remember, The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and to contain nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid;* it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap causes; it leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.
It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake Water.

Persons who despise a musty sponge or wash-rag will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a Sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair *(not washed out)*; it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat-Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing grease spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It washes telescope lenses and Photographers' plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design, for washing brushes used by the students.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other Soap (not even Castile) must be used.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles—

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oilcloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, and they will last much longer.

Use it for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Milk Pans and all Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun.

It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in Harper's Weekly.
Only send for One Cake, and make these *2* promises:

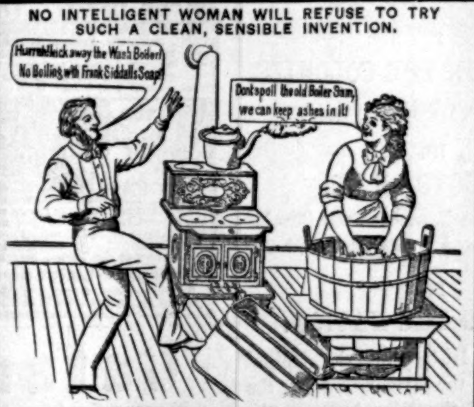
Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;*
it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely,
and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents,
because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.
Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

NO INTELLIGENT WOMAN WILL REFUSE TO TRY SUCH A CLEAN, SENSIBLE INVENTION.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will feel thankful and will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice.

If your letter gets no attention,
it will be *because you have not made the promises,*
or because *you have sent for more than one cake.*

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it,
she MUST send in a separate letter.

☞ And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike, FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them.

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER*, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash. *Where water is scarce or has to be carried far The Frank Siddalls Soap will prove a great blessing.*

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper*, which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle THE FIRST TIME, no matter how odd it seems.

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.

Next, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE the BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.